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Shell guide to LIFE ON THE CLIFF



Painted by John Leigh Pemberton

Accessible to man only with difficulty, the cliff remains a wild haven for birds and plants, and one which is little modified except by nature. Among its sea birds are HERRING GULL (1) and FULMAR (2), and SHAGS (3), flying in and out to sea after their fish-food. Among land birds which take advantage of the cliff, are RAVEN (4), and PEREGRINE FALCON (5); and the STONECHAT (male 6 female 6A), which nests among the low gorse (7) at the cliff top, and makes a note like pebble hitting pebble.


Like woodland, the cliff gives enough shelter, shade and damp to several plants, especially the PRIMROSE (8) and the BLUEBELL (9), which often carpet cliffs in Cornwall and Devon. Dark holes are often luxuriantly and shinily green with a peculiar fern, the SEA SPLEENWORT (10). Sunny places are cushioned with THRIFT or SEA PINK (11) and SEA CAMPION (12); and right down to high water mark ROCK SEA SPURREY (13) is an abundant little plant.

The seals below are the commoner GREY SEAL (14) and, despite its name, the COMMON SEAL (15) which isn't so common.

NOTE: All the items shown in this picture would not, of course, be found in one place at one time.



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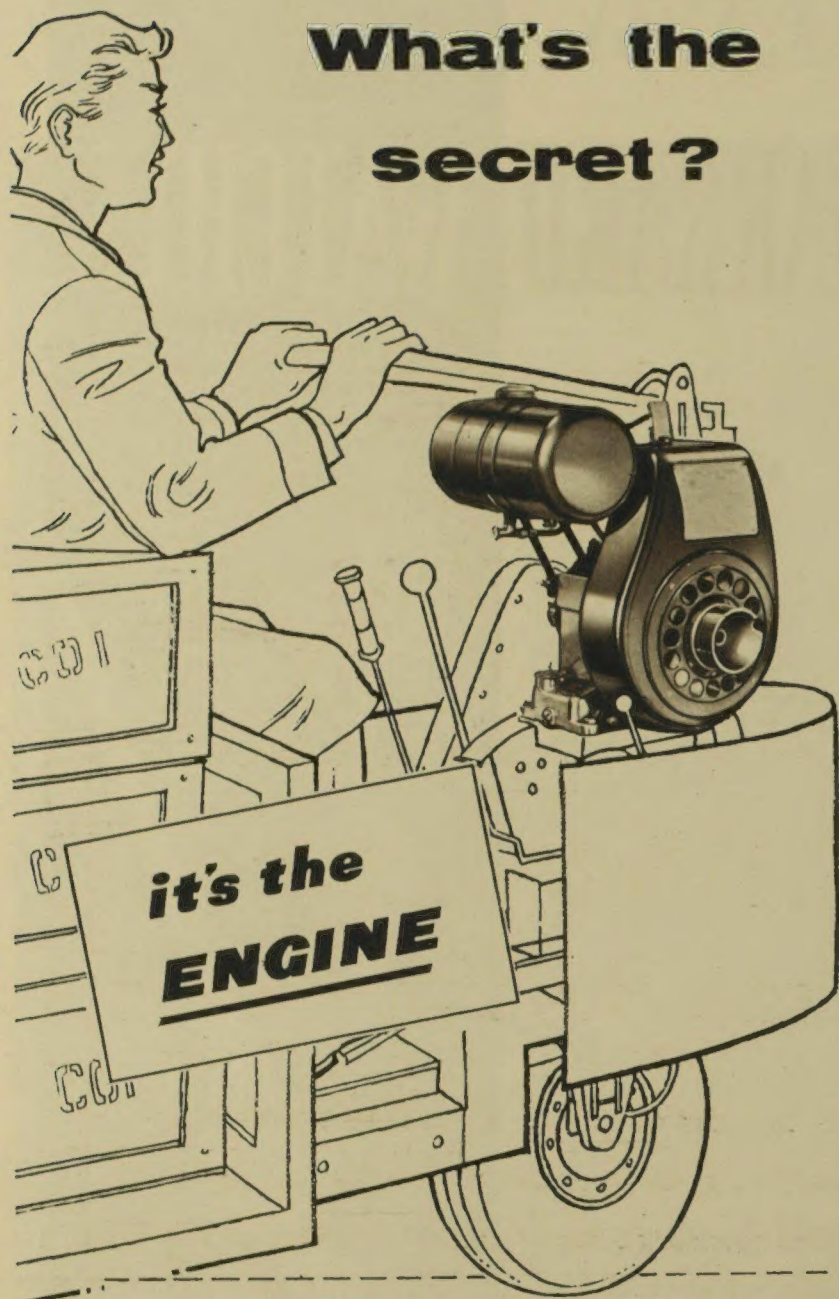
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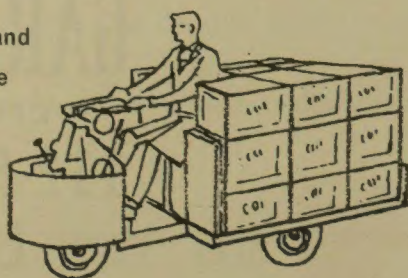
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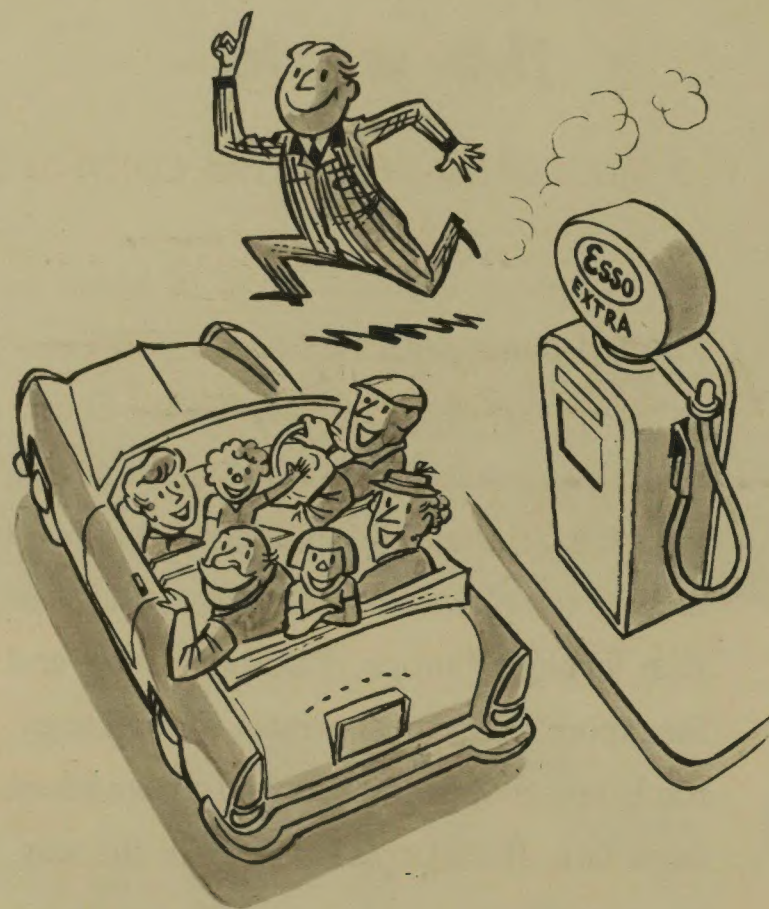
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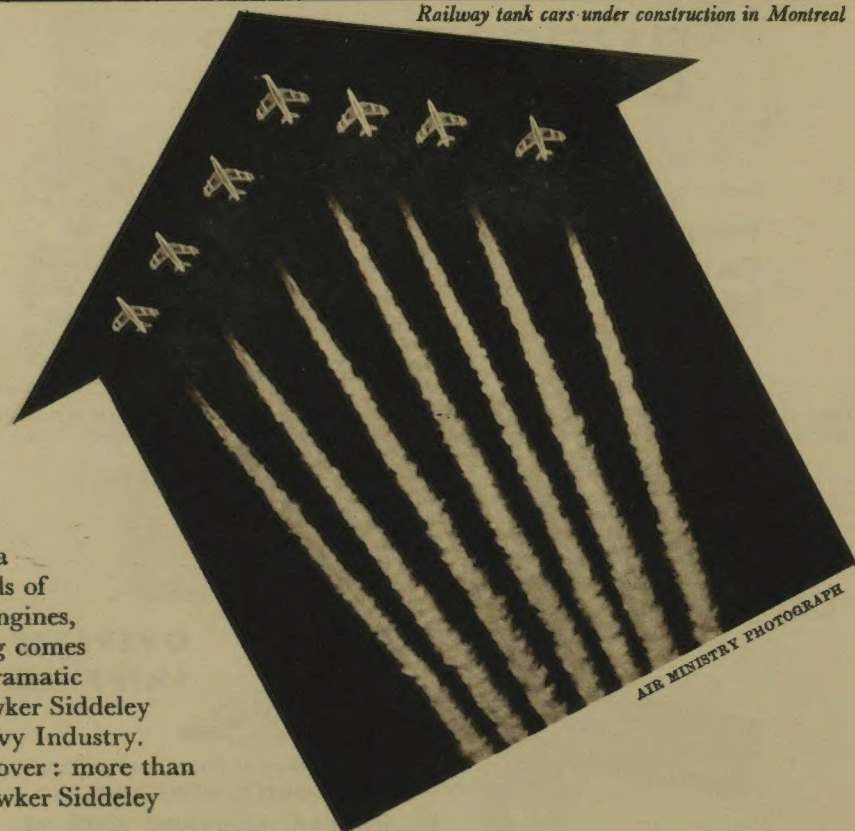
MANAGEMENT AT WORK

Railway tank cars under construction in Montreal

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AIR MINISTRY PHOTOGRAPH

HAWKER SIDDELEY One of the World's Industrial Leaders

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SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1958.



BELIEVED TO BE THE VICTIMS OF A PRO-NASSER "YOUNG OFFICERS'" REVOLT IN IRAQ: (LEFT TO RIGHT) CROWN PRINCE ABDUL ILLAH; THE PREMIER, NURI AL SAID; AND KING FAISAL OF IRAQ.

On July 14, radio reports from Baghdad and other Middle and Near Eastern sources said that a revolt of officers of the Iraqi Army had deposed King Faisal and set up a republic. A station identifying itself as Radio Baghdad said that Nuri al Said, the pro-Western Premier of the Arab Union of Iraq and Jordan, and Crown Prince Abdul Illah had been killed and their bodies burned in the street. A later report from Cairo, however, said that Nuri al Said had not been killed; and a Tel Aviv report said that both the

Premier and King Faisal had left Iraq for an Istanbul meeting of the Baghdad Pact before the coup took place. Other reports claimed that King Faisal was a prisoner in the palace. Radio Baghdad announced the formation of a "New Council of Sovereignty." The first definite news was that the British Embassy had been attacked and burnt, the Controller of the Household, Colonel Graham, killed, but that the Ambassador and staff were safe. Baghdad Radio announced that Nuri al Said had escaped.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE Socialist Party's proposed programme for the reform of our State educational system is clearly likely to start off a good deal of controversy. The staffs and supporters of the Grammar Schools, which are scheduled for abolition or amalgamation with larger and still unproved scholastic units—to use a word favoured by our at present all-powerful bureaucracy—are up in arms, and most people who have had any practical experience of schools and teaching, however much they may incline to the suggested reforms on political or other grounds, are dubious of the practicability of operating the vast new institutions envisaged without a further decline in higher educational standards. On the other hand, anything which tends to end the present separation of clever or supposedly clever children from the more stupid at the age of eleven-plus, with all its invidious social implications, is likely to appeal to the majority of working-class parents, while the abolition of an examination is certain to be popular with all those who shun hard work and disbelieve in the educational value of effort, and this, I am afraid, at the moment means a considerable number of our people. I have not the least doubt that with time, and the misfortunes that time is likely to bring in its train, the British people as a whole will regain their old belief in the importance of hard work and sustained effort for the young, but at the present time any measure that makes life easier for boys and girls is likely to be an electoral asset for the Party that introduces it. So we had better acclimatise our minds to the idea that this particular educational revolution, good or bad, is likely to happen. If it results, as it appears it will, in the disappearance of the Grammar Schools and the old-established Secondary Schools, it will be destroying something very good for the sake of something as yet completely unproved. I welcome Mr. Gaitskell's declaration that, far from lowering the standards of these to the level of the newer and more comprehensive schools, their former splendid standards will now be adopted by all, but, as an erstwhile teacher and one-time headmaster within the State educational system, I gravely doubt, on practical grounds, the realism of his statement. Good schools are not made by talking about them, by legislation or even by bricks and mortar. They are made by the cumulative efforts, sacrifices, teaching and, above all, example of dedicated schoolmasters and schoolmistresses. Without these any educational system, however high-sounding, is so much waste paper. It is as unavailing and useless as an army would be without courage, discipline and *esprit de corps*; that is, without leaders.

It is this matter of teachers that lies at the root of our educational problem. Organisation, buildings, examinations, equipment, books can all contribute a valuable part to the scholastic whole, but without the personal inspiration of those who mould the minds and characters of boys and girls they are bread without leaven. It is not, as Mr. Gaitskell knows, its lovely stone framework that makes Winchester a great school or the modest wealth of those who throughout the generations have sent their sons there, but the magnificent standard, from time immemorial, demanded of

and received from its headmasters and teaching staff. The beautiful buildings and surroundings of the College have merely helped to inspire and maintain that standard of personal devotion and service. So have its independent endowments. And what is true of ancient schools like Winchester and Eton and Christ's Hospital is true, on their modest scale, of the threatened Grammar and partly-endowed Secondary Schools. I can speak here with some small knowledge, for I have repeatedly seen with my own eyes the evidences of their masters' love and zeal. Without love and zeal, and the sense of dedication, in those who teach, no lasting impress of any worth can be made on boys and girls. All that statesmen, benefactors and educational administrators can do is to give those who teach, conditions that make the evocation and development of these virtues possible.

THE CARLISLE CELEBRATIONS THE QUEEN COULD NOT ATTEND.



DURING CARLISLE'S EIGHTH CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS ON JULY 8: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN THE PROCESSION FROM TULLIE HOUSE TO THE CATHEDRAL.

Owing to her attack of acute catarrhal sinusitis, which necessitated her return to London on July 8, the Queen was unable to attend the eighth centenary celebrations at Carlisle that day, but the Duke of Edinburgh carried out her engagements on her behalf. At the Town Hall the Duke expressed the Queen's regret at being unable to visit Carlisle, and, referring to the plaque (commemorating her visit) which she was to unveil, he intimated that she herself would return to Carlisle to unveil it on some occasion in the future. The Queen, who had set out from London on June 26, returned to Buckingham Palace on the evening of July 8. She went to bed and was attended by her doctors, who advised her to cancel her engagements for the week. On July 13 it was reported that her Majesty had had a restful day, but that her temperature was not yet normal though the residual catarrh was lessening.

One of these conditions is freedom and the trust that creates freedom. Here, I believe, is the first of the lessons that those who control our educational system have got to learn. The tendency of all modern administration, in the vast amalgams of population that the growth of the modern State has brought about, is to reduce freedom at the circumference in order to increase power and conformity at the centre. This, in education, is disastrous, for boys themselves require freedom and trust—as well as discipline and guidance—and can only be given it by those who themselves enjoy it. The extent of the independence and authority of both headmasters and their assistants, including their social and economic status, is, I believe, of incalculable importance, and, taking the range of our State Schools as a whole, it is at present far too small. For, whatever may be argued to the contrary and however many inspiring exceptions there may be to prove the rule, there is something very wrong at the moment with our State educational system. It is not producing the human results that, with the means the taxpayer

provides—and I am far from saying he should not provide more—it is capable of producing. The average boy or girl coming from our Elementary and Secondary Modern Schools has all too often a low sense of the importance of work, very little intellectual curiosity, and what is described in some quarters as an open, and in others as a blank, mind on the subjects of religion, manners, patriotism and the conventional virtues. There are plenty of exceptions, of course, and usually—as our wars have proved—a foundation of solid, if stolid, British transmitted character on which to build for anyone who later gets the opportunity or takes the trouble to do so. But the net human result of our large educational expenditure at the end of the sixth decade of the twentieth century is not very encouraging; the type turned out seems unformed, emotionally and intellectually poorly

equipped, and easily susceptible of rapid degeneration, as the rising records of juvenile crime show. Heaven knows, it is unfair to cast the whole of the blame for this rather negative result on the unfortunate teacher in our overcrowded State Schools. Apart from the impossible size of many of the classes, the external influences to which the growing boy and girl, particularly in our cities, are subjected are deplorable. Those who teach him and try to mould his character and imagination have constantly to struggle against the debasing pressure too often afforded by cinema and printing-press and by the streets themselves.

Yet, in the last resort, the problem of the teacher's freedom and status and, above all, of his sense of vocation remains. It is here that the Public Schools, particularly the greater Public Schools, have such an immeasurable advantage and why so many middle-class parents, despite the effects of penal taxation, are willing to make such sacrifices to send their children to these institutions. One has only to consider the extent and duration of the influence of a teacher like the great nineteenth-century Edward Bowen, of Harrow, to realise how much, given the favourable conditions and opportunities they offer, these schools

can give through those who teach in them. I believe it to be no exaggeration to say that without the life-long work and inspiration of this remarkable man, embalmed for future generations of Harrovians in the songs he wrote for the school he loved, Winston Churchill would not have spoken in precisely the same tones, when those tones, and the spirit inspiring them, stood almost alone between the world's freedom and extinction. No one who has not experienced the effect on his outlook of Bowen's songs joined to the music of his compeer, John Farmer, can be expected to comprehend quite what I mean; yet almost everyone who has experienced them will know that there is an element of truth in it, and not least Sir Winston himself, who has spoken of these songs—the epitome of Bowen's life work and teaching—in terms of the highest hyperbole. Admittedly, Sir Winston would have been an amazing man if he had received no education at all, but I am convinced that the influence on him of Bowen's legacy and, through him on us, was not without its effect on the world's fortunes.



THE BRITISH EMBASSY AT BAGHDAD, WHICH ON JULY 14 WAS ATTACKED AND RANSACKED BY THE BAGHDAD MOB, AND FINALLY ALMOST COMPLETELY BURNT DOWN.



SIR MICHAEL WRIGHT, BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN BAGHDAD SINCE 1955, WHO WAS UNHURT IN THE ATTACK ON THE EMBASSY.

ALMOST the first definite news of the Baghdad coup not emanating from the rebel-held Baghdad Radio, was the report received by the Foreign Office via the Baghdad Embassies of Italy and the United States, that the British Embassy had been attacked, ransacked and almost completely burnt down by a mob. It was stated that the Ambassador, Sir Michael Wright, and Lady Wright had escaped unhurt, as had all the rest of the Embassy staff except Colonel Graham, Controller of the Embassy Household, who, it was said, had been killed by a stray bullet. The last aircraft to leave Baghdad, an Iraqi Airways Viscount, reached London Airport on the night of July 14, after leaving Baghdad at 6 a.m. Passengers in it said they had noticed unusual concentrations of troops but had assumed this was in connection with King Faisal's intended departure for the Baghdad Pact meeting in Istanbul. On July 14 King Hussein of Jordan, after speaking of the Iraqi revolt as "launched by hired elements," announced that he had assumed command of the United Arab Army. He is reported to have crushed a Jordanian revolt, some twenty-four hours before the Baghdad coup.



LADY WRIGHT, WIFE OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN BAGHDAD, WHO WAS WITH HIM DURING THE ATTACK ON THE EMBASSY.

ATTACKED AND BURNT IN THE IRAQI REVOLT: THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN BAGHDAD—THE FIRST REPORTS.

AMID GROWING VIOLENCE IN CYPRUS: TWO BRITISH SOLDIERS SHOT IN FAMAGUSTA.



THE SHOP IN FAMAGUSTA WHERE TWO BRITISH SOLDIERS—ONE OF THEM 2ND LIEUT. FOX-STRANGWAYS—WERE SHOT.



THE EXTERIOR OF THE FAMAGUSTA SHOP WHERE THE TWO BRITISH SOLDIERS WERE KILLED. A CURFEW WAS IMMEDIATELY IMPOSED AFTER THE INCIDENT.



BRITISH SECURITY FORCES ARRIVING AT THE SCENE OF THE SHOOTING. THE MURDER OF THE TWO SOLDIERS WAS THOUGHT TO BE A REPRISAL FOR AN INCIDENT AT AVGOROU.



SECOND-LIEUTENANT C. S. FOX-STRANGWAYS, SON OF LORD STAVORDALE, WHO, WITH TROOPER J. R. PROCTOR, WAS SHOT IN FAMAGUSTA.



IN FAMAGUSTA: DETONATING BOMBS FOUND IN A CLUB DURING A SEARCH AFTER THE SHOOTING OF THE TWO BRITISH SOLDIERS.



THE CLUB IN FAMAGUSTA WHERE THE BOMBS WERE DISCOVERED—NOW ALMOST TOTALLY DESTROYED AFTER THE EXPLOSION SHOWN IN THE LEFT-HAND PHOTOGRAPH.

On July 8, two British soldiers were shot in the back in Famagusta while they were shopping. They were later identified as Second-Lieutenant C. S. Fox-Strangways and Trooper J. R. Proctor. The shooting was thought to be a reprisal for the death of two Greek Cypriots in a clash with British security forces at Avgorou on July 5. At the funeral of the two Greek Cypriots the following day there was a wreath from the Eoka terrorist leader, Dighenis, with the inscription "I shall avenge your blood."

Following the incident, which took place during the worst week of terror in Cyprus since the recent renewal of violence began, Famagusta was placed under curfew, and a search was made which resulted in the discovery of a store of explosives. Second-Lieutenant Fox-Strangways, son of Lord Stavordale, was aged twenty and was due for release from the Army in a few weeks. Trooper Proctor, of Birmingham, was of the same age. Both were members of the Royal Horse Guards.

MEDITERRANEAN TROUBLE SPOTS: TERRORISM IN CYPRUS AND LEBANON.



AT THE BRITISH MILITARY CEMETERY IN NICOSIA: THE BURIAL OF 2ND LIEUT. C. S. FOX-STRANGWAYS AND TROOPER J. R. PROCTOR.



IN BEIRUT: AFTER A BOMB EXPLODED IN A LORRY (CENTRE), SETTING FIRE TO A STORE (LEFT) AND KILLING SIX PEOPLE.

The murder of two British soldiers, 2nd Lieutenant Fox-Strangways and Trooper J. R. Proctor, at Famagusta took place as killings in Cyprus were rising alarmingly. In the week preceding July 12 altogether twenty-four people were murdered. It was the worst week of violence since communal strife broke out again early in June. On July 12 an appeal for peace, signed by Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor, Dr. Dervis, the Greek Cypriot Mayor of Nicosia, and by Mr. Denktash, Deputy to Dr. Kutchuk, the Turkish Cypriot leader, was broadcast. This was followed, however, by further killings, and by outbreaks of arson, and on July 13 it was announced that the British police force in the island was to be doubled. The following day

a 48-hour house curfew was imposed in the towns of Cyprus. While the troubled situation in Cyprus continued there were further developments in the rebellion in Lebanon. The prospects of a peaceful solution improved when the pro-Western President Chamoun recently announced he would not seek a second term of office when his present term ended in the near future. The news of the revolt in Iraq, however, strengthened the determination of Saeb Salam, the Lebanese rebel leader, to continue his campaign. On July 14, when the Iraq revolt was announced, President Chamoun urged immediate action by the Western Powers and said the future of the whole Middle East was at stake.

WHEN the latest plan for the future of Cyprus was announced an appeal was made for restraint and prudence in its discussion in this country. It could hardly have been answered more favourably from the point of view of the Government. The Press avoided strong language. Its general view was that the proposals had been carefully thought out and deserved to be as carefully considered. The attitude of the Parliamentary Opposition appeared more remarkable still because the scheme could not be held to fulfil the programme to which the Party had pledged itself. This state of things has continued. It was exemplified by the debate in the House of Lords on July 8. So far as Britain is concerned, the plan could not have been treated more respectfully and greater care not to spoil its prospects could not have been taken.

Some people seemed to infer that all public explanation and examination ought to be enveloped in optimism about its prospects. I cannot feel that this would lead to sincerity or prove in any way advantageous. For my own part, I strove here and elsewhere to make clear the care with which it had been prepared, but I could not pretend to be optimistic and I should not have considered it praiseworthy to hide my anxiety lest its publication should be followed by fresh violence, as has unhappily occurred. I also had doubts about the procedure in the light of the treaty governing the status of the island. Since I last wrote here, the full text of the Greek Prime Minister's reply to Mr. Macmillan has become available. I quote from it, not as Greek propaganda, but because M. Karamanlis expresses himself lucidly as well as temperately.

"Cyprus is a British Crown Colony by virtue of international treaties. Turkey has relinquished all rights and titles on the island. Greece (while) supporting the rights of the Cypriots to self-determination, has declared that she does not aim at the annexation of Cyprus. Those entitled to determine the future of the island are, therefore, principally the people of Cyprus and the United Kingdom since, according to the Treaty of Lausanne, this right was reserved to the 'interested parties.' Turkey is certainly not an 'interested party,' having relinquished her rights of whatever nature by the same Treaty. The United Kingdom is now inviting Greece and Turkey to participate in the administration of the island for a period of seven years, thus tending to create a sort of de facto condominium upon the island. This virtually amounts to upsetting the present legal status."

Later in the letter M. Karamanlis writes: "Since the main issue, namely the right of the Cypriot people to decide their own future, is being put aside for a period of seven years, the plan would have been more constructive in proposing a temporary solution on the basis of democratic self-government under British sovereignty." I think it suitable to quote rather than describe the Greek Government's point of view. But I would point out what is still insufficiently understood here, that it is not necessarily the universal point of view in Greece. On this occasion the Opposition has adopted a moderate attitude, but in general it treats M. Karamanlis as a weakling who crawls to the British, just as British officials call him a weakling who is afraid to support British policy.

In the debate in the Lords, Field Marshal Lord Harding remarked that three men, the Prime Minister of Greece, Archbishop Makarios, and the Prime Minister of Turkey, could restore peace to Cyprus "at the drop of a hat." Perhaps so, but this would apply to disputes between trade unions and employers and might be said of Churchill and Hitler in the war. It is a mistaken view that the tragedy of the bloodshed in Cyprus is concerned with petty interests. Ideals are bred of what their possessors conceive to be idealism. They may

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. CYPRUS: FURTHER REFLECTIONS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

narrow the vision; for example, highly honourable ideals induce Lord Harding to be angered by the



IN OMORPHITA, NEAR NICOSIA, THE CAPITAL OF CYPRUS: HELMETS AND CLUBS FOUND BY BRITISH SECURITY FORCES IN A HOUSE SEARCH AFTER TURKISH CYPRIOTS HAD ATTEMPTED TO OCCUPY GREEK CYPRIOT HOMES.



DEALING WITH THE ANTI-BRITISH AND INTER-COMMUNAL VIOLENCE IN CYPRUS: A COLLECTION OF ASSORTED WEAPONS CONFISCATED FROM GREEK AND TURKISH HOMES AFTER A SEARCH BY BRITISH TROOPS.

On July 5, following increased tension caused by the attempts of Turkish Cypriots to occupy Greek Cypriot homes, British troops carried out a house search in Omorphita and Kaimakli, both near Nicosia. In the Omorphita district, which is mainly Turkish, various arms were taken from the houses and Turkish Cypriots who had invaded Greek houses were evicted when security forces arrived. On the same day two Greek Cypriots died in a clash with British troops, twenty-two of whom were injured, at Aygorou, south of Famagusta. Violence and murders continued throughout the following week. While Greek Cypriot mayors called for U.N. observers on the island to save Greek Cypriots from extermination by the Turks, the Governor of Cyprus, Sir Hugh Foot, denied Greek Cypriot accusations of British partiality towards the Turkish Cypriots. Other photographs appear on pages 96 and 97.

slightest suggestion of partiality on the part of any members of the security forces, though he has not been an eye-witness of scenes reported by eye-witnesses.

There can be no doubt, at all events, that a new aspect of the tragedy has lately appeared. The

Sunday Times cannot be considered either sensational or outstandingly sympathetic to Cypriot claims, yet it published on July 6 the following sentence from a special representative in Cyprus: "The gravest obstacle now to the betterment of relations between the British and the Greek Cypriots is that, for one reason or another, Greek Cypriots no longer trust us." If such is this writer's impression, she is right to express it.

She does not mention the reasons to which she refers. I can give some of them, though I do not know how far they are still in existence. One was the ban on newspapers from Greece, while those from Turkey, often containing bitterly anti-Greek articles, were admitted. The second was similar: that, whereas Athens Radio was jammed, Ankara Radio was not, though some of its talks were inflammatory. A third was that Turkish houses and mosques were not searched for arms to the same extent as Greek. A fourth was resentment of the behaviour of Turkish Auxiliary Police, a matter on which British correspondents on the spot have commented. In the circumstances either both broadcasting stations should be jammed and both sets of newspapers banned, or neither. The other grievances cannot be difficult to remedy.

The happiest feature of the Lords' debate seemed to me to lie in some remarks by Lord Home, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations. He was at pains to make it clear that the Government intended to be flexible, without sticking to this detail or that, and that many subjects required further discussion. This may not be quite as promising as it sounds, since we have been told also—though not by the speaker—that no principles are open to alteration, and one of the most objectionable features of the plan, that it seems to tend in the direction of eventual partition, may be regarded as a principle. As it stands, the plan is unlikely to work.

Unfortunately, the Turkish demand is partition pure and simple. The Greek attitude requires a little more description. It is that the complete liberation of the island is the ultimate aim, but that the Government would be prepared to agree to a postponement of a settlement of the main issue "until a more appropriate time" and agree to a temporary solution based on "democratic self-government under British sovereignty." I put it in an earlier article that toilers on the imbroglio marched in circles. Here we are back nearly to the Radcliffe plan, so strongly criticised by the Greek Government at the time. I criticised it myself, but I found it more practical and promising than I find this.

Talks between Britain, Greece, and Turkey have again been suggested, but they are out of the question at present. We must suppose that diplomatic exchanges between Britain and the other two States are going on. It is possible that some progress might be made if both of these would agree to make a simultaneous appeal for the cessation of violence, but such a cessation could only be temporary if it were used to set up the present plan exactly as it stands. If a breathing-time were achieved, the first and most promising way to use it would be to see how far the plan could be bettered. I am not saying that I dislike the plan so thoroughly that I should regret to see it put in force in any circumstances. I am saying that I consider it hopeless to suppose that it can be put in force as things are.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



DURING A BRIEF STOP AT VANCOUVER TO CHANGE AIRCRAFT: PRINCESS MARGARET SPEAKING WITH MEMBERS OF HER PARTY AFTER LEAVING THE B.O.A.C. BRITANNIA AIRLINER.

On the evening of July 11 Princess Margaret left London Airport for British Columbia, where she has started her Canadian tour. After the warm welcome given her in Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, the Princess spent a quiet week-end resting from her long journey. On July 14 she accepted the gift of an island from the people of British Columbia.



ON ARRIVAL AT PATRICIA BAY, VANCOUVER ISLAND, ON JULY 12: PRINCESS MARGARET TALKING WITH MR. F. M. ROSS, THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.



HULA, ISRAEL. PROTECTED BY A BORDER POLICE PATROL: AN ISRAELI FARMER PLOUGHING HIS FIELD CLOSE TO THE ISRAELI-JORDAN FRONTIER.

Syrians opened fire on July 9 on Israeli farmers preparing land for cultivation in fields lying close to the foothills forming the Israeli-Jordan frontier. Two members of a police border patrol called to assist the farmers were injured. Work in the area now continues under police protection.



AMSTERDAM, NETHERLANDS. PREPARING FOR THE OPENING OF THE AMSTERDAM-MOSCOW AIRLINK: A RUSSIAN TU-104 AIRLINER MAKING A TEST APPROACH AT AMSTERDAM AIRPORT.

The Amsterdam-Moscow airlink, which is to open on July 21, will mean a regular interruption of traffic on a main road adjoining Amsterdam airport, because the Soviet TU-104 jet airliners need a longer approach than the airfield offers, and will have to fly low over the road when coming in to land.



CANADA. DURING HIS THREE-DAY VISIT TO OTTAWA: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER ADDRESSING A JOINT SESSION OF THE TWO HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT ON JULY 9.

In his address on July 9 President Eisenhower spoke frankly about the economic problems and differences between Canada and the United States, and said: "We must never allow ourselves to become so preoccupied with the differences between our two nations that we lose sight of the transcendent importance of free-world co-operation."



JAPAN. DURING THE "TANATABA" FESTIVAL (JAPANESE STAR FESTIVAL) ON JULY 7: A LAVISHLY DECORATED STREET IN HIRATSUKA, A CITY NEAR TOKYO FAMOUS FOR ITS CELEBRATION OF THE FESTIVAL.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.

(Left.) FROM THE ANTARCTIC.

A ROLL OF FILM, JETTISONED BY THE SCOTT EXPEDITION ON 1910, BROUGHT BACK BY SIR VIVIAN FUCHS AND FOUND TO BE USABLE.

The Commonwealth Transantarctic Expedition found in stores jettisoned in the Antarctic by the Scott Expedition in 1910 some unexposed Kodak film. It was brought back to England and found to be still light-sensitive after forty-eight years "on ice." Despite the fact that it was marked "Develop before 1st May, 1911," a number of successful photographs have been taken on this film, including that shown, right.

(Right.) TAKEN WITH FILM ABANDONED IN THE ANTARCTIC 48 YEARS AGO: A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF SIR VIVIAN FUCHS (L.) AND MR. G. LOWE BY THE SCOTT STATUE.



DENMARK. ROYAL JUDO: PRINCESS MARGRETHE OF DENMARK KICKS OUT DURING A JUDO TRAINING SESSION AT A DANISH WOMEN'S AUXILIARY AIR FORCE CENTRE.



DENMARK. THE ROYAL TOUCH: PRINCESS MARGRETHE DEMONSTRATES HER PROFICIENCY AT JUDO BY NEATLY THROWING HER INSTRUCTOR, LIEUTENANT K. E. JANSEN.



JAMAICA. A NEW, EASILY-PRODUCED OIL SPRAY DEVELOPED TO COMBAT SIGATOKA FUNGUS IN BANANAS: LEFT, A SPRAY-PROTECTED LEAF, AND (RIGHT) ONE INFECTED WITH THE FUNGUS. Since 1903, the Sigatoka fungus disease has spread from Java to virtually all the banana-growing countries of the world. In the campaign against it Esso Petroleum have now developed a new, easily-produced oil spray which gives 92 per cent. protection after a simple two-month treatment with portable sprays.



U.S.A. OPERATED, DAY OR NIGHT, BY THE SUN'S RAYS: A RADIO RECEIVER AND TRANSMITTER SET INCORPORATED IN A HELMET, UNDER DEVELOPMENT FOR THE U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS.



U.S.A. THE U.S. RADIO RECEIVER AND TRANSMITTER HELMET IN CLOSE-UP, TO SHOW THE SOLAR CELLS, THE TRANSMITTER (RIGHT) AND THE FOUR TINY STORAGE BATTERIES (LEFT).

This ingenious helmet radio is currently being developed for the U.S. Army Signal Corps and derives all the power required for operating receiver and transmitter from the sun. The silicon wafers in the solar cells mounted on the helmet provide power for ordinary daylight operation and in addition charge four small nickel-cadmium batteries for night operation and to support peak operation during the day.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



A VIEW OF VICTORIA, WHICH IS SITUATED AT THE SOUTHERN TIP OF VANCOUVER ISLAND, AND IS PRIMARILY AN ADMINISTRATIVE AND RESIDENTIAL CENTRE, NOTED FOR THE BEAUTY OF ITS HOMES AND GARDENS.

CANADA. BRITISH COLUMBIA'S CENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS: SCENES IN VICTORIA, THE CAPITAL.

Victoria, situated at the southern tip of Vancouver Island, is the capital of British Columbia, the Canadian Pacific-coast province which is this year holding centennial celebrations. A hundred years ago, British Columbia, with which Vancouver Island was united in 1866, became a Crown Colony. The celebrations were to be attended by Princess Margaret, who,

[Continued on right.]



AT COLDSTREAM, ON VANCOUVER ISLAND'S FAMOUS MALAHAT DRIVE: A CHARMING PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE LIGHT MIST OF A SUNNY MORNING.

[Continued.]

it was announced earlier this year, was to stay in British Columbia from July 12 to July 26, afterwards touring through other parts of Canada. Already there have been several events marking the British Columbia centenary. Recently a large commemorative totem pole, a gift to the Queen from the people of British Columbia, was erected in Windsor Great Park, after making the journey

[Continued below.]



A NOTED BEAUTY SPOT IN VICTORIA: BUCHART'S GARDENS, WHICH WERE LAID OUT ON THE SITE OF A FORMER CEMENT QUARRY BY MR. BUCHART, THE HEAD OF THE CEMENT QUARRYING FIRM, AND WHICH CONTAIN PLANTS AND SHRUBS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.



IN THE HEART OF VICTORIA: THE BRITISH COLUMBIA LEGISLATIVE BUILDING, WHICH CAN ALSO BE SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND OF THE TOP LEFT-HAND ILLUSTRATION.

[Continued.]

by land and sea from the province. The new publication, "British Columbia: A Centennial Anthology," presents a panorama of the province, its people and their way of life as seen by authors, artists and photographers of British Columbia, and from July 1 to July 11 a display of records relating to the early years of the province was held in London in the Special Exhibition Room of the Public Record Office. A special stamp, with a design recalling the gold rush of 100 years ago, which did much to open up British Columbia, has also been issued.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY. AFTER THE BLOWING-UP OF A COFFER-DAM ON JULY 1: THE LAKE FORMED AS THE POWER POOL FOR THE GREAT NEW HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME. The successful blowing-up of the coffer-dam brought into existence a large new lake just north of Massena, New York, and marked a further stage in the completion of the St. Lawrence Seaway and the hydro-electric power scheme, which on completion will produce a maximum of 1,880,000 kilowatts.



W. GERMANY. GREETED BY THEIR WIVES ON THEIR ARRIVAL IN WIESBADEN ON JULY 8: SOME OF THE NINE U.S. AIRMEN HANDED OVER AT THE RUSSO-PERSIAN BORDER BY THE SOVIET AUTHORITIES ON JULY 8. The nine United States airmen whose C-118 transport aircraft was forced down by Russian MIG fighters over Russian Armenia on June 27 were released on July 8, suffering from extreme exhaustion. Their statement said that their aircraft was fired on twice and set on fire.



CANADA. ON HIS ARRIVAL AT OTTAWA: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER TAKES OFF HIS HAT AS HE PASSES THE QUEEN'S COLOUR BORNE BY A CANADIAN GUARD OF HONOUR.



CANADA. AT THE BEGINNING OF THEIR VISIT: PRESIDENT AND MRS. EISENHOWER MEET MR. AND MRS. DIEFENBAKER. IN THE CENTRE IS MR. VINCENT MASSEY. President Eisenhower arrived in Ottawa on July 7, with Mrs. Eisenhower, for a brief visit. On July 10 Mr. Diefenbaker, the Canadian Prime Minister, and President Eisenhower announced the formation of a Canada-U.S. joint defence committee.



MOROCCO. THE FIRST PROMOTION OF OFFICERS OF THE MOROCCAN ARMY, FORMED AFTER MOROCCAN INDEPENDENCE IN 1956: A SCENE DURING A RECENT CEREMONY AT RABAT.



MOROCCO. AT RABAT: MOHAMMED V, THE KING OF MOROCCO, AT THE PROMOTION CEREMONY FOR MOROCCAN ARMY OFFICERS. King Mohammed V of Morocco attended recently a ceremony at Rabat held in connection with the first promotion of officers of the Moroccan Army, formed following Moroccan independence in 1956. The commandant of a Moroccan Army school, above, is paying homage to the King.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—V.



OFF MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A. *MAYFLOWER II* MAKES FOR PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS, IN WHAT MAY BE HER LAST VOYAGE, AFTER EXHIBITION AT WASHINGTON. On June 27 *Mayflower II* reached Plymouth, Massachusetts, where it was expected she would go on permanent exhibition where her great original brought the Pilgrim Fathers to America over 300 years ago. On July 7 an order for the compulsory winding-up of Project Mayflower Ltd. was made.



THE WEST INDIES. SAID TO KILL TWO OR THREE FLIES A SECOND: AN ELECTRIC FLY-KILLER IN A PIG FARM. An electric fly-killer, invented in the U.S., is seen here in operation in a pig farm in the West Indies. The wires across the ceiling carry a high voltage at low amperage and flies coming in contact with them receive a shock, or cause a short circuit, and are instantly killed.



FLORIDA, U.S.A. "HELIBOATING" IN PROGRESS IN CYPRESS GARDENS, FLORIDA: A DINGHY WITH A ROTOR IS TOWED AT SPEED BY A MOTORBOAT UNTIL IT RISES INTO THE AIR LIKE A KITE.



(Left.) THE U.S. AN ECCLESIASTICAL SPLIT: THE GREEK ORTHODOX CHURCH OF ST. HARALAMBOS, IN CANTON, CUT IN HALF BEFORE BEING MOVED.

The Greek Orthodox Church of St. Haralambos, in Canton, Ohio, was cut in half so that it could be moved three-and-a-half miles to a new site in another part of the town. The two halves are being placed on opposite sides of a 48-ft. extension which will give greater seating capacity. The first part of the unusual move took place on June 16 and the second a fortnight later.



(Right.) THE U.S. A CHURCH ON THE MOVE: THE FIRST HALF OF ST. HARALAMBOS CHURCH STARTING ON ITS THREE-AND-A-HALF-MILE JOURNEY TO A LARGER SITE IN CANTON, OHIO.



NEW MEXICO, U.S.A. RARELY SEEN TOGETHER: THE BIG THREE OF THE U.S.A.F.'S MISSILE STRENGTH, *THOR* (LEFT) AND *JUPITER* (RIGHT), WHICH ARE INTERMEDIATE-RANGE BALLISTIC WEAPONS, AND *SNARK* (CENTRE), AN INTERCONTINENTAL BALLISTIC MISSILE, ON VIEW AT CARSWELL AIR FORCE BASE, NEW MEXICO.



DELAWARE, U.S.A. A NEW AMERICAN HELICOPTER, THE VERTOL AIRCRAFT CORPORATION TANDEM-ROTOR 107, DETAILS OF WHICH WERE RELEASED RECENTLY. It is expected that the Vertol 107 helicopter will be available for commercial users in 1961; some will be delivered to the U.S. Army in 1959. The 107 is powered by two turbine engines, and can run on one at a time, and is also amphibious. It will carry twenty-five passengers.



I HAD heard a good deal during the past few years about the paintings and sculpture which were being gathered together by the late Emil Bührle, chairman of the great Oerlikon plant, so when I received an invitation to see the collection arranged in the extension to the Kunsthaus at Zürich which had been built by its owner and presented to the city, I seized the opportunity.



FIG. 1. "MADONNA AND CHILD": A FRENCH SCULPTURE OF ABOUT 1330-40 IN THE EMIL G. BUEHRLE COLLECTION ABOUT WHICH FRANK DAVIS WRITES IN HIS ARTICLE THIS WEEK. (Limestone: height, 59 ins.)

Rendered cautious in the past by the natural optimism of Festival organisers—for this show was a part of Zürich's June Festival of music, drama and the arts generally—I entered the building with the wary scepticism of an experienced burglar reconnoitring an unfamiliar bank, to be enchanted by as noble a display of riches as one could well imagine. It goes without saying that, in the conditions of the world to-day, great wealth—and that the late owner had in abundance—can accomplish great things in a material sense; what it cannot do by itself without a highly sensitive mind to direct it is to accumulate some fifty sculptures and more than 250 paintings of so high a quality that the most pernicky visitor, even though he may be prejudiced against some of the artists chosen, remains permanently dazzled. Quite clearly this is a collection made with affectionate understanding and not merely with a cheque-book.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A ZÜRICH COLLECTION.

The sculpture, apart from a few pieces from Sumer, Egypt and Greece, is mainly concerned with Mediaeval Europe—with Swiss, with German, with Burgundian carvers to as late as the sixteenth century, from the naïve and somewhat coarse to the highly dramatic and emotional; but coarse only, to my mind, by comparison with the superb Madonna and Child of Fig. 1 from fourteenth-century France, with its sensitive features and noble flowing rhythms. This is at once tender, human, and warmly dignified, providing an eloquent contrast to a Romanesque twelfth-century figure from Auvergne—a seated Madonna with the Child on her knee, monumental and hieratic. I would guess that, had not death intervened, the late owner's interest in sculpture would have extended down the years to our own day, for in painting he set himself no such limits.

There are, it is true, some early pictures of far more than ordinary merit, but none the less the chief glory of the collection is to be found in the astonishing variety of works by masters of the French nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Here the visitor is liable to lose his way. Fourteen splendid examples by Van Gogh, for example, are sufficient by themselves for a single afternoon; but there are nineteen Cézannes, ten Toulouse-Lautrecs, twelve Monets, twelve Renoirs, and other men in abundance. Of the Renoirs, a small landscape of a cornfield of 1873 gives so powerful an impression of blazing sunshine that you are very nearly compelled to raise your hand to your eyes in self-protection, while in the portrait of Fig. 2, painted in 1880—something far more than the likeness of a charming child—you are faced by a masterpiece. If all else were lost in some stupendous disaster, it would ensure the painter's status as the equal and heir to all those who had attempted similar subjects in the past from Vermeer to Fragonard, so assured and delicate is every brush stroke. Beside such a thing as this his later painting can seem almost trivial.

Those who think of Degas as not more than a magnificent draughtsman occupied mainly in producing paintings of the ballet at the Opera—an opinion induced by a multitude of popular prints—will be speedily brought to their senses when they stand before the magisterial portrait of Madame Camus at the piano, or the group of the two little girls with their father, the Viconte Lepic. Sisley can never be seen to better advantage than in the four landscapes in the collection (one of them of the Regatta at Hampton Court) or Monet than in his unpretentious canvas entitled "The Swallows," in which two figures are seated on the grass in the foreground with a wide expanse of open country beyond; and the many who enjoy Courbet's "Apples" in the National Gallery will find another of equal quality here. Among the ten paintings by Toulouse-Lautrec, there is the bitter, not to say terrifying, "Messaline"—a justly famous work, though, to my taste, not to be compared with the magnificent Aristide Bruant in the Niarchos collection; indeed, of all these ten I am more impressed by the quiet sincerity apparent in the hardly less well-known profile portrait of the red-haired girl ("La Rousse")—a scruffy, work-worn creature with whom one feels the painter had an instinctive sympathy which enabled him to complete her picture without trace of over-sentimentality or over-dramatisation.

As to the distracted modern world, I thought Braque—the serene and imperturbable Braque—stood out as a finer painter than, if not so impeccable a draughtsman as, Picasso, whom I found perverse and tedious and empty; a confession which presumably casts me out from the company of the elect and condemns me to exist in outer darkness arm-in-arm with the P.R.A. listening to falsetto hymns of adulation in praise of that mercurial, gifted genius. Rouault, for all his coarse line, is

majestic and powerful; Chagall, represented by a single painting, whimsically childlike; Soutine tormented. But memory, while recording these and other restless paintings in which rational man abandons himself to his subconscious and paints worse and worse as a result, returns with pleasure to what so many theorists appear to despise—the unspectacular disciplines of the past. We are told that some men paint as they do to-day as a protest against the horrible cruelty of the world—as if the world of Titian or of Rembrandt or of anyone else had been an earthly paradise instead of the shambles it was and above which they soared like eagles; as Pierre Bonnard soars in a landscape of 1926, drenched in air and sun, a picture in which the most difficult of all problems, the painting of light, seems to have been solved, at least for one moment.

There's an almost ludicrously inept "Temptation of St. Anthony" by Cézanne of 1867, all the more noticeable by contrast with the marvels of twenty and thirty years later, notably three justly famous pictures: a self-portrait, palette in hand, of 1885-87, the portrait of his wife 1879-82 and the astonishing boy in the red waistcoat of 1890-95; not to mention a still life of flowers and apples, and a landscape of Mont St. Victoire. Can you rouse more than a tepid admiration for Ingres? Probably not; too cold, too perfect—but there's a Corot portrait of a young woman painted between 1845-1850, which can be compared with Vermeer or Velasquez, a Monet nearly as fine, and an



FIG. 2. "MADEMOISELLE IRENE CAHEN D'ANVERS," A SUPERB RENOIR PORTRAIT OF 1880. IT IS ONE OF THE TWELVE WORKS BY THIS ARTIST IN THE BUEHRLE COLLECTION, WHICH IS ON VIEW AT THE ZÜRICH KUNSTHAUS UNTIL THE END OF SEPTEMBER. (Oil on canvas: 25½ by 21½ ins.)

astonishing little painting by Fragonard of his friend and fellow-artist and traveller to Italy, Hubert Robert, as swift and gossamer-light a use of paint as was ever achieved by Rubens a century and more earlier.

The Dutch seventeenth century—which, I understand, was in process of exploration at the time of Mr. Bührle's death—seemed a trifle disappointing in spite of a fine Hals and a typical and excellent Philips Koninck. Not so, Venice of the eighteenth century: two splendid paintings by Canaletto and paintings and drawings by Francesco Guardi. The exhibition is to remain open until the end of September and I would urge all who have the opportunity this year not to miss it—nor, while you are in Zürich, the Rietberg Museum, which now houses the Van der Heydt collection of sculpture from outside Europe which has been discussed more than once on this page.

COLLECTED BY A SWISS
INDUSTRIALIST: THE BUEHRLE
COLLECTION SHOWN IN ZURICH.



"ENTHRONED MADONNA AND CHILD": A PIECE FROM AUVERGNE, DATING FROM THE SECOND HALF OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY AND THE EARLIEST MEDIAEVAL SCULPTURE IN THE COLLECTION. (Wood: height, 26½ ins.)



"ST. GEORGE ON HORSEBACK": A LIMWOOD SCULPTURE FROM UPPER SWABIA, DATING FROM ABOUT 1520, WHICH SUCCESSFULLY COMBINES FEATURES OF THE LATE GOTHIC AND THE RENAISSANCE STYLES. (Height, 30½ ins.)



"MADONNA AND CHILD": AN EARLY FOURTEENTH-CENTURY PIECE, PROBABLY FROM THE CENTRAL RHINELAND. (Limewood: height, 29½ ins.)



"SELF-PORTRAIT WITH A PALETTE," BY PAUL CEZANNE (1839-1906): DATING FROM ABOUT 1885-87, THIS IS ONE OF THE NINETEEN CEZANNES IN THE COLLECTION. (Oil on canvas: 36½ by 28½ ins.)



"STILL-LIFE WITH RAMBLER ROSES AND PEACHES," BY HENRI FANTIN-LATOURE (1836-1904), WHO WAS A PUPIL OF HIS FATHER AND ALSO STUDIED IN COURBET'S STUDIO. SIGNED AND DATED, 1873. (Oil on canvas: 21½ by 21½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN": A WORK OF ABOUT 1918 BY AMEDEO MODIGLIANI (1884-1920), WHICH WAS ACQUIRED IN 1954. (Oil on canvas: 25½ by 19½ ins.)



"LA ROUTE DE VERSAILLES A LOUVECIENNES," BY CAMILLE PISSARRO (1831-1903): A FAMOUS EARLY WORK OF 1870. (Oil on canvas: 40 by 32½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG RED-HEADED WOMAN (LA ROUSSE)," BY HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC (1864-1901). THE COLLECTION IS TO BE SEEN IN ZURICH UNTIL THE END OF SEPTEMBER. (Oil on canvas: 21½ by 19½ ins.)



"MADAME CAMUS AT THE PIANO": A PORTRAIT OF 1869 BY EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917), WHICH SHOWS THE INFLUENCE OF INGRES. (Oil on canvas: 54½ by 37 ins.)

Before his untimely death in 1956 the leading Swiss industrialist, Emil G. Bührle, donated the funds needed for the extension to the Zürich Kunsthau, which was opened last month. It is fitting that the opening exhibition in these fine new galleries should be devoted to the first public showing of the entire collection of painting and sculpture formed by Mr. Bührle. He started collecting in 1934, buying the work of the great artists of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries which still form the crux of his

collection. Later he added the antique and mediæval sculpture, and the Old Master paintings—especially Dutch and Flemish—with which he greatly widened the collection. On this page we show three of the mediæval sculptures and six of the outstanding nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings; and Frank Davis writes about the collection in his article this week. The exhibition of the Bührle Collection—321 pieces in all—continues at the Kunsthau until the end of September.

THE POSTHUMOUS DIARY OF A WITTY AND CHARMING FRENCHMAN.

"QUAI D'ORSAY, 1945-1951." By JACQUES DUMAINE.*

An Appreciation by E. D. O'BRIEN.**

I MUST confess that I approached the late M. Jacques Dumaine's book with a certain amount of misgiving. With some notable exceptions, the members of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs have scarcely distinguished themselves in pre-war, wartime and post-war years. Their advice before the war was short-sighted, their conduct during the war and the Occupation equivocal, and their contribution to post-war France dim. The wittiest of my pre-war friends had to be "*épuré*" because of his alleged paddlings in the murky waters of Vichy and Berlin; and wit is no substitute for courage, nor charm, good manners and good breeding, for principle. It was with a delighted shock, therefore, that opening this book at random, I found at least two gems on the first page my eye lighted on. Indeed, I am now eager to read it in its French original. For good though Mr. Alan Davidson's translation is (and it is very good indeed), nothing can quite equal the rapier thrust of French wit. I recall many years ago, René Quiton, in his "*Maxims Sur La Guerre*," wrote, "*De la Rochefoucauld médecin, eût traité de la peau*"; of which his English editor, Mr. Douglas Jerrold, wrote (if I recall rightly): "It is a flash in the dark and the bolt goes home. It leaves you with something to think, and nothing to say; that is the function of literature." How inadequate would "If de la Rochefoucauld had been a doctor he would have specialised in skin diseases" be by comparison with the taut original!

M. Dumaine was Chef de Protocole at the Quai D'Orsay from 1945-1951. He prefaces these admirable posthumous memoirs with:

At the very moment when I am about to assume the direction of Protocol, I have come across these words contained in a letter from Prokesch to Gobineau:

"The days pass in trivialities, empty talk, visits, errands, lunches, dinners. Oddly enough, it is not the human beings that are at fault; the reason is that the tyranny of forms holds sway over human beings, and compels intelligence to assume the guise of stupidity."

I do not find this very encouraging.

He must have been a wholly delightful man, though as François Mauriac says in his prefatory tribute to his dead friend, it was only after his death that his friends knew "what a rare spirit lay hidden behind the charming smile of Jacques Dumaine, diplomat and son of a diplomat, whom death overtook in mid-career at Lisbon."

Jacques Dumaine was as M. Mauriac says (and as is clear from repeated references in the book), a happy man—happy in his private life with his young wife and child; happy in his confident mastery of his work. In that work he naturally had to deal with the vast procession of Banquo's ghosts constituted by French Prime Ministers since the war. He faintly distrusted

General de Gaulle, but conceived a warm affection for M. and Mme. Vincent Auriol. To him fell the detailed arrangements for Royal and State visits, and to represent France at funerals such as that of King Gustav V of Sweden. Of such an occasion he can write impressively and movingly, but normally it is his irrepressible, sparkling wit which attracts one. Here is a description of a hostess whose friends regretted "*le temps perdu*," though "she herself never complains, but darts about like a humming-bird of steel." (Why does this remind me of the admirable remark made about a famous British hostess of our time—that she was "a canary of prey"?)

His swiftly-drawn sketches remind me of a French twentieth-century John Aubrey. There is one about an absentminded scamp dialling his wife instead of his mistress and telling her in caressing tones: "Darling, at long last I've managed to get away from the old bore. In five minutes I shall be in your arms!"

before replying: "Indeed I do, with a nice little light Chablis which is ideal for the purpose."

How wise, too, is his comment on the Duke of Windsor, who had made on one occasion an admirable speech of great charm and natural distinction—"a performance worthy of a Sovereign." For as M. Dumaine (and he is probably right) noted:

If George V had reigned for another ten years, his son Edward VIII would have made an admirable king when the time came for him to succeed. Such was the good fortune of his grandfather King Edward VII, who did not come to the throne before he was sixty; he had therefore had the time to cover the full range of a man's follies and to acquire the wisdom of a king.

Of another monarch, the present King Gustav VI of Sweden, he wrote that he had chosen the delegation to represent France at his father's funeral with great care: "... to ensure that France's intellectual eminence shall be adequately

represented, because the new King is one of the most learned ever to occupy a throne. Gustav VI is an expert in both Greek and Chinese archæology and has personally taken part in Mycenaean excavations. But he is also interested in many branches of art and science." Later he noted that King Gustav spoke "rapidly and decisively and expresses himself in French with that skill which stems from a profound culture." It was his visit to Sweden, too, on this occasion, which led him to reveal the serious and nostalgic thought which is never far below the glittering surface of his charm and wit—that the world, i.e., the France of to-day, is nowhere near as good a place as it was in the time of his ambassadorial father. "How easy," he writes, "it must be

to govern a nation which is capable of adapting its institutions and traditions, instead of trying to upset them! The monarchic principle does not grate on the Swedish mentality, but rests on such a firm base there that the nation has accepted as its royal line the descendants of a general from Béarn and a bourgeoisie from Marseilles."

Whatever may have been his misgivings when he first approached his task as Chef de Protocole, the reader of this book will feel—as, with reluctance, he puts it down—that M. Dumaine was unjustified in his pessimism. For this is the book not merely of a witty man, not merely of a man possessed of great charm, but of a good man of whom M. Mauriac can write: "Jacques Dumaine's smile, that official smile which he retained in private life, marked him out for it at a time when French people were still cutting one another's throats; he acquitted himself wonderfully, having always cultivated that art which Saint-Simon prized more than any other—the art of knowing how to give every man his due." And that, when I come to think of it, is no bad description of a gentleman in any language.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 126 of this issue.



THE PRESENT INCUMBENT AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY: M. COUVE DE MURVILLE, THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER (SECOND FROM LEFT), WITH GENERAL DE GAULLE AND THE U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE, MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES.

The present incumbent at the Quai D'Orsay is M. Couve de Murville, who is fifty-one, and was appointed Foreign Minister by General de Gaulle who announced his Cabinet on June 1. The Foreign Minister is a Treasury official turned diplomat and, until he joined General de Gaulle's Government, was Ambassador in Bonn, and before that in Washington.

N.B.—This photograph does not come from the book under review.

There is a nice picture of Sir Winston Churchill about to receive the Military Medal from the Prime Minister, Ramadier, who was both a former N.C.O. and a holder of the decoration. Unfortunately, his brain-child on this occasion came to an unhappy end. "I had thought that we could at the same time present Mrs. Roosevelt with her husband's posthumous decoration. Chauvel and Henri Bonnet gave their approval but when Massigli mentioned it to Churchill, his reaction was that of a bulldog tugging at the leash. 'Am I already posthumous?' the great man growled from behind his cigar. He then recalled the gossip about him in Elliott Roosevelt's book and consequently showed little willingness to meet a member 'of the wicked family of my great friend.'"

On another subject, there is the pleasing story of the Chevalier de Tastevin, who was feeling slightly liverish after the initiation ceremony (perhaps with little wonder). He "diffidently asked the Maître des Chais for a glass of water, only to be met with the scornful reply: 'That is a liquid unknown to me, which has never passed my lips.' The knight was ruffled by such rudeness and retorted: 'Then do you never clean your teeth?' The maître thought a moment

*"Quai D'Orsay, 1945-1951." By Jacques Dumaine. (Chapman and Hall; 30s.)

** Owing to Sir John Squire's indisposition this review has been contributed by Mr. E. D. O'Brien.

THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—VI. PORTORA ROYAL SCHOOL.



PART OF THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTRYSIDE SURROUNDING THE SCHOOL: A VIEW FROM THE NEW OBSERVATORY LOOKING NORTH-WEST DOWN LOWER LOUGH ERNE.



A VIEW OF ENNISKILLEN FROM PORTORA HILL. THE SPIRE IS THAT OF THE CHURCH OF IRELAND CATHEDRAL—NEXT TO IT IS THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Portora Royal School, an important Irish public school founded in the seventeenth century, stands in its own large grounds high above the shores of Lough Erne. The boys of the School are encouraged to devote part of their spare time to exploring the surrounding countryside, which is among the most beautiful and unspoilt parts of Ireland. The district is also rich in historical associations. Enniskillen was originally a stronghold of the Maguires, lords

of Fermanagh. At the confiscation of land after Tyrone's rebellion in the seventeenth century the town was awarded to Sir William Cole, ancestor of the Earls of Enniskillen, who settled it with twenty English families. Remains of castle and fort in the vicinity recall the by no means peaceful past of the area. A noted ancient landmark on Lower Lough Erne is the Round Tower, which can be seen to the extreme right in the upper drawing.

FOUNDED 350 YEARS AGO BY KING JAMES I: PORTORA ROYAL SCHOOL—SCENES AT A LEADING PUBLIC SCHOOL IN NORTHERN IRELAND.



THE CENTRAL BLOCK OF PORTORA ROYAL SCHOOL. THE SCHOOL MOVED—FOR THE THIRD TIME—TO THIS BUILDING ON PORTORA HILL IN 1777.

PORTORA ROYAL SCHOOL originated from an Order in Council of James I made in 1608 and to-day holds a place of importance among Ireland's Protestant public schools. The School moved to its present site on Portora Hill, just outside Enniskillen, in 1777, on being granted the land by George III. In the nineteenth century, Dr. William Steele modelled Portora on English public school lines, and in 1890 the School passed from the control of the Viceroy to that of an independent governing body. As it had always accepted some day boys the School was classified in 1947, under the Northern Ireland Education Act, as a Voluntary Grammar School, accepting a certain measure of State aid, without loss of independence. Since 1954 a

number of new buildings, including thirteen teaching rooms and an observatory, have been added. Other additions since then have been the Dining Hall and Swimming-Bath. The playing-fields have been extended and improved, together with the gymnasium. However, the School still stands in need of two new boarding houses, new preparatory school accommodation and new accommodation for married members of the staff. The new classroom block is to be opened by the Governor of Northern Ireland in May 1959. The decree of James I ordered that there should be at least one free school in every county "for the education of youths in learning and religion," and that the schools to be founded should each be allotted parcels of land.

(Left)
A RECENT ADDITION TO THE SCHOOL: THE SWIMMING-BATH, WHICH HAS BEEN OPENED THIS SUMMER. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE MAIN SCHOOL BUILDING.

(Right)
ON LOUGH ERNE: A SCHOOL EIGHT PRACTISING WITH, ON THE LEFT, BOATS OF THE SCHOOL YACHT CLUB. IN THE BACKGROUND IS ENNISKILLEN.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



IN A BEAUTIFUL PART OF IRELAND: PORTORA AND ENNISKILLEN.



PART OF THE NEW BLOCK OF CLASSROOMS SOON TO COME INTO USE AT PORTORA: A VIEW ACROSS THE PLAYING-FIELD.



THE HIGH STREET OF ENNISKILLEN, THE PLEASANT TOWN, NOT FAR FROM THE BORDER WITH EIRE, NEAR WHICH THE SCHOOL IS SITUATED.

Portora Royal School, Enniskillen, Northern Ireland, came into being following an Order in Council of James I which dates back 350 years. In recent years much has been done at the School to provide new buildings and to increase the recreational facilities. There are still, however, many plans waiting to be carried out. In the upper of the two drawings above can be seen the new block of classrooms which is to be brought into use shortly. This is one of the additions built since 1954. On the right is the tower of the new observatory, from which there is a beautiful prospect across Lower

Lough Erne—a view which forms the subject of one of the drawings on the accompanying pages. The main school building is situated behind the new classrooms, and both are set against a pleasant background of trees. At Portora there are now about 420 boys, of whom 200 are boarders. Enniskillen is the capital of County Fermanagh and stands in delightful surroundings on the winding River Erne which connects Upper and Lower Lough Erne. The tower which can be seen in the lower drawing is that of the Town Hall.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

PAINTED CEILINGS IN SCOTLAND REVEALED BY ACCIDENT : SOME RECENT DISCOVERIES IN FIFE AND EDINBURGH.

By M. R. APTED, H.M. Assistant Inspector of Ancient Monuments.

(Photographs Crown Copyright Reserved by the Photographic Branch of the Ministry of Works, except for Fig. 1, which is reproduced by the Gracious Permission of Her Majesty the Queen.)

LAST August an intruder broke into Rossend Castle, Burntisland, and tore down part of a plaster ceiling in the sixteenth-century tower (Fig. 7). When Mr. William Campbell, the burgh Clerk of Works, examined the damage he saw through a hole in the plaster that the newly-exposed boards above, and the supporting joists, had been elaborately painted (Fig. 8). The discovery

where there was no need to provide a flat floor surface for the room above, and where space was constricted by the angled rafters of the roof. Such ceilings could not readily be adapted to the new style and were normally torn down and destroyed, but occasionally the boards were split into laths and re-used as backing for new plaster ceilings. Where this happened

it has sometimes proved possible to reconstruct, at least in part, the lost ceiling. At Rossend enough boards were found to show that there had been a second painted ceiling there, and of the barrel-vaulted type, but too few boards survived to permit reconstruction. At Somerville Street, Burntisland, the contemporary discovery of a further eighty boards enabled a successful reconstruction to be completed.

The Somerville Street discovery (Figs. 3-6) occurred during the renovation of an old property which was of interest in itself and which had a special local importance as the childhood home of Mrs. Mary Somerville, the nineteenth-century astronomer whose name is perpetuated at Somerville College, Oxford. In this instance discovery was due to the fact that the long top-storey room had been partitioned before the wooden base of the ceiling was plastered, so that when the partitions were taken down strips of lathing were exposed and these could be seen to have been painted (Fig. 4). When this was observed the entire plaster coating was removed and the boards taken down, laid out on the floor of a local hall

It is ironical to think that Mary Somerville first studied the stars from her bedroom window all unaware of the planetary figures concealed in the ceiling above her head.

The existence of pagan and Christian imagery on two contemporary ceilings is characteristic of the Renaissance and a reminder that such paintings are not merely of technical interest but are in their own right historic documents illustrating the ideas and tastes of their period. The type of decoration employed at Somerville Street was unusual although not unique—i.e., a half-length figure of Christ survives from the house of Mary of Guise, and there is an astral ceiling at Seafield House, Cullen (Figs. 12-14)—but the symbolic decoration of the Rossend Castle ceiling was used several times elsewhere. The symbols were partly derived from unidentified sources, but more than a third were copied from an emblem book first published in Lyons in 1557 by Claude Paradin, a canon of Beaujeu. The book was popular and a number of editions were published, including several in Antwerp, one (in 1591) in London and a final one in Paris in 1622. Paradin's symbols are known to have been used to decorate a ceiling in the house of Mary of Guise, seven are to be seen on a ceiling discovered in the nineteenth century at Nunraw, and one was visible on the ceiling discovered in the John Knox House in Edinburgh earlier this year (Fig. 2). One of the emblems, symbolising the hope of Resurrection, is to be seen carved in stone on the front of the Huntly House Museum in the Canongate, Edinburgh.

Paradin's work is the only pattern book that has been identified at Rossend with certainty, but it is likely that the decorator was also familiar with the engravings of another Frenchman, Jacques Androuet du Cerceau (1510-c. 1580). To this source are probably due the bizarre caryatid grotesques such as that which led to the discovery of the ceiling at John Knox House. In this instance workmen cleaning paint and varnish from a detached panel revealed a demon-headed squatting caryatid figure, half-male, half-female, which can be paralleled almost exactly in the work of du Cerceau. It was deduced, correctly, that this figure had once formed part of a painted ceiling and this was found after a search in a room on the second floor. The same room also contains a panel mounted on the wall (Figs. 2 and 11) which probably once formed part of a barrel-vaulted ceiling and which illustrates a version of the story of Cain and Abel derived from a Biblical engraving published in Cologne in 1480. Painted ceilings are rarely dated, but their



FIG. 1. RECENTLY DISCLOSED IN MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' BEDROOM IN THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE: A FRIEZE PAINTED ON THE PLASTER, WHICH IS PROBABLY NOT NATIVE SCOTS WORK BUT RATHER THAT OF FOREIGN ARTISTS WORKING IN EDINBURGH.

Reproduced by Gracious Permission of Her Majesty the Queen.

was timely, for the tower was already roofless, and proved to be of unusual interest since the painted ceiling, when fully exposed (Fig. 9), was found to be almost intact and to reproduce features known to have existed on a ceiling in the Edinburgh house of Mary of Guise which was demolished in the nineteenth century.

The discovery of a completely unrecorded ceiling of this type in Scotland is not as unusual as might be expected. A number of such accidental discoveries have been made during the last 100 years, and although no comprehensive account has been published, individual ceilings have been recorded and their history in general terms is known. The upper floors of sixteenth-century houses were normally of simple type, the tongued and grooved boards resting on exposed joists and serving as ceilings to the rooms below as well as floors for the rooms above. The decoration of such wooden ceilings was a natural development, and for a period of about 100 years (c. 1550-1650) ceilings painted in tempera were immensely popular in Scotland. Fashion then changed and the outmoded painted ceilings were replaced by the plaster ceilings characteristic of the later seventeenth century. Many painted ceilings of the Rossend type survived destruction because all that was required to adapt them to the new fashion was to trim away as necessary the faces of the painted beams to provide flat surfaces on to which to nail up the new ceilings. When, as at Rossend, a new wooden floor was laid over the original boards the concealment of the painted ceiling was complete.

Flat ceilings are the most commonly preserved, for it was easier to keep them than to destroy them, but barrel-vaulted or elliptical ceilings were also constructed and sometimes survive, although rarely *in situ*. Painted rooms of this type were normally fitted on the top floor,

and fitted together like a gigantic jigsaw puzzle (Fig. 5). It was then found that when complete the boards had been made up into two associated barrel-vaulted ceilings with a painted partition in between, one depicting an astral scene with the sun encircled by the signs of the Zodiac (Fig. 3) and the planetary deities, the other a simulated coffered ceiling incorporating a series of twenty-four octagonal portraits of Christian figures and prophetic sibyls (Figs. 5 and 6). The shape and position of the vaulted rooms could be reconstructed exactly, since an impression of the vault was preserved in the plaster on the gables at either end of the second-storey chamber together with fragments of painted decoration corresponding to the paintwork on the partition.



FIG. 2. A NEWLY-DISCOVERED PAINTED TIMBER CEILING IN JOHN KNOX HOUSE, EDINBURGH. THIS WAS FOUND IN A SECOND-FLOOR ROOM AFTER FOLLOWING UP A CLUE FOUND IN THE CLEANING OF A DETACHED PANEL. THE WALL PANEL OF CAIN AND ABEL IS DISCUSSED UNDER FIG. 11.

age can not infrequently be inferred from indirect evidence. Thus the identification of pattern books used at Rossend and elsewhere is valuable evidence as to their approximate date. Further, the ceilings at Rossend and Nunraw were both decorated with monograms which can be identified. At Rossend the letters S.R.M. (Fig. 10) at the centre of the [Continued overleaf.]

WHERE THE INTRUDER'S HAND AND THE BUILDER'S PICK TWO RECENT DISCOVERIES IN

HAVE REVEALED UNSUSPECTED PAINTED CEILINGS: FIFE, AND SOME COMPARISONS.



(Left.)
FIG. 3. THE CENTRAL
FEATURE OF THE
ASTRONOMICAL
PAINTED CEILING
RECENTLY FOUND
DURING RESTORATION
WORK IN AN OLD
HOUSE AT BURN-
TISLAND, FIFE. IT SHOWS
THE SUN IN SPLEN-
DOR SURROUNDED
BY SIGNS OF THE
ZODIAC.



(Right.)
FIG. 4. HOW THE
BURNTISLAND
PAINTED CEILING WAS
DISCOVERED. AFTER
THE PARTITIONS
DIVIDING THIS ROOM
WERE TAKEN DOWN,
IT WAS SEEN THAT
THE PLASTER CEIL-
ING HAD BEEN KEYED
TO BOARDS PAINTED
IN TEMPERA.



FIG. 7. IN AUGUST LAST YEAR AN INTRUDER TORE DOWN PART OF A CEILING IN ROSSEND CASTLE, FIFE; AND REVEALED BY THIS ACCIDENT THAT THE BOARDS UNDER THE PLASTER WERE PAINTED.



FIG. 8. WHAT THE INTRUDER REVEALED: A CLOSE-UP OF THE TORN CEILING OF FIG. 7, SHOWING THE ELABORATELY PAINTED BOARDS OF AN EARLY 17TH-CENTURY CEILING.



FIG. 11. PROBABLY ORIGINALLY PART OF A BARREL-VAULTED CEILING: A PICTURE OF CAIN AND ABEL IN JOHN KNOX HOUSE, DERIVED FROM A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY GERMAN SOURCE.

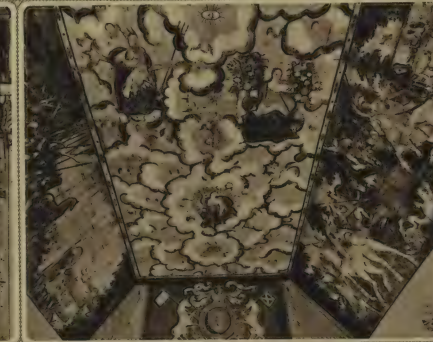


FIG. 12. THE FAMOUS AND LARGELY-INTACT ASTRAL CEILING AT SEAFELD HOUSE, CULLEN, PROBABLY CONTEMPORARY WITH THE BURNTISLAND EXAMPLE (FIGS. 3-4).



(Left.)
FIG. 5. THE PAINTED
BOARDS OF THE
BURNTISLAND CEIL-
ING HAD BEEN USED
REGARDLESS OF
THEIR DESIGN. THEY
WERE TAKEN DOWN
AND REASSEMBLED.
AND HERE THE HEAD
OF THE EUROPEAN
SIBYL IS SEEN RE-
STORED TO ITS
PAINTED OCTAGONAL
FRAME.



(Right.)
FIG. 6. THE HEAD OF
THE LINAN SIBYL
IN ALL, THE CEILING
CONTAINED TWENTY-
FOUR PORTRAITS OF
CHRISTIAN FIGURES
AND SIBYLS. IN SOME
PLACES, AS HERE, THE
PAINT HAD BEEN
BLEACHED BY THE
SUPERIMPOSED
PLASTER.



FIG. 9. THE ROSSEND CASTLE PAINTED CEILING AFTER THE PLASTER SHOWN IN FIG. 7 HAD BEEN REMOVED TO SHOW THE ELABORATE SYMBOLICAL DECORATION IN TEMPERA.



FIG. 10. THE CENTRE OF THE ROSSEND CEILING, SHOWING THE INITIALS "S.R.M.", INDICATING SIR ROBERT MELVILLE, A DIPLOMATIC FIGURE, ASSOCIATED WITH ROSSEND DURING 1585-1616.

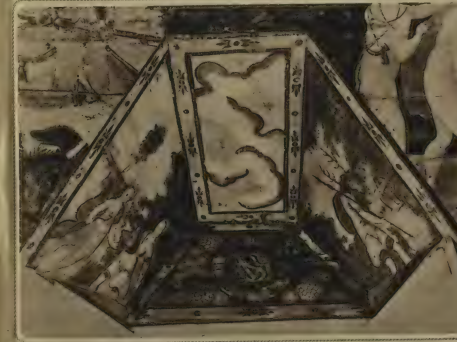


FIG. 13. A DETAIL OF THE WINDOW DECORATION OF SEAFELD HOUSE, SHOWING THE MONOGRAM OF SIR WALTER OGILVIE AND HIS WIFE, LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS, INDICATING THE DATE.



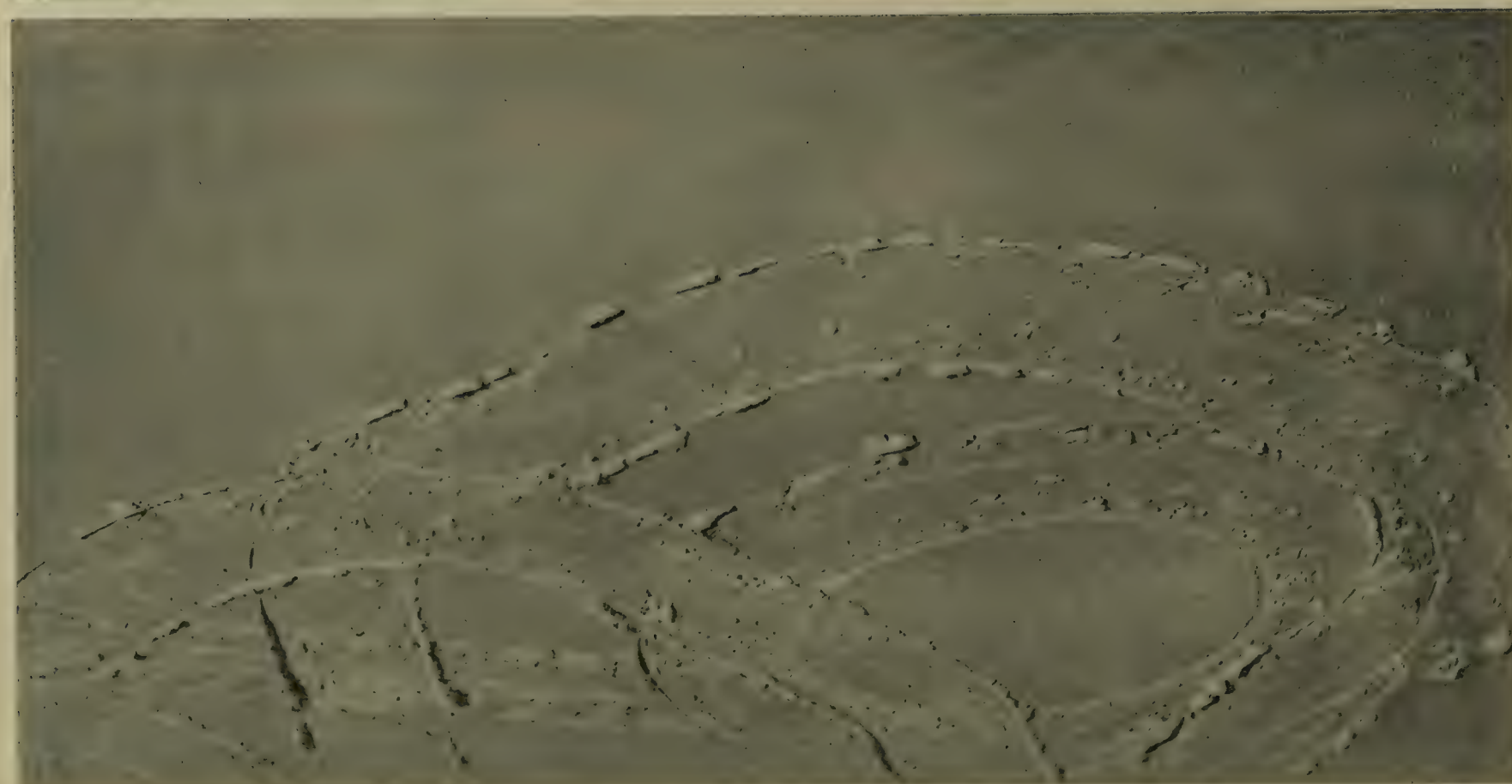
FIG. 14. PART OF THE DELIGHTFUL SEAFELD HOUSE CEILING, DISCOVERED IN THE 1920'S: HUNSMEN WITH A GIGANTIC BOAR AT BAY AND, ABOVE, PART OF THE ASTRAL CEILING.

Continued
ceiling refer to Sir Robert Melville, a prominent diplomatic and social figure in the troubled period at the end of the sixteenth century whose association with Rosend dated to the period 1585-1616: at Nunraw the monograms of Patrick Hepburn and his wife, contemporaries of Sir Robert, appear on the ceiling twice. The date of the Nunraw ceiling can be narrowed down to the years following the union of the crowns, since one of the emblems depicts the lion and unicorn

seated on either side of a thistle, and since the arms of the King of England, although defaced, can be seen to have been quartered with the tressured lion rampant of the Scottish Royal Arms. This does not necessarily mean that all the ceilings with similar features were painted as late as 1603, since craftsmen are conservative and pattern books no doubt passed from father to son, but it does suggest that there may have been an artist or school of decorators in

Edinburgh specialising in ceilings of this particular type at the turn of the century. This is important, since little is known of the men who designed and executed the ceilings. The artist, I. Stalker, who painted his name on the vault of the Montgomerie Aisle, Larve (1638), was an exception, and the list of painters' names preserved in account books and other contemporary documents is short. It is to be hoped that more will be found out about these men in the future.

At present it appears likely that while some of the most accomplished interior decoration, such as the frieze recently re-exposed at the Palace of Holyroodhouse (Fig. 1), was the work of foreigners, the more robust and cruder work of the Rosend Castle type was executed by Scottish craftsmen, sometimes trained abroad, who assimilated Renaissance ideas from Continental pattern books and ultimately developed a characteristic and highly individual form of decorative art.



ANIMAL, VEGETABLE OR MINERAL?—A "TWENTY QUESTIONS" PUZZLE FOR THE AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

On this and the facing page we offer our readers a puzzle in the form of three photographs. We do not offer any clues (or prizes) and we are not even saying whether the solutions are "Animal, vegetable or mineral," but the answer

to these two "Whodunits?", which are provided for your entertainment only (and we cannot enter into any correspondence on this subject), will be given in our next issue.



WHAT MADE THESE TRACKS? AN EXERCISE IN DETECTION FOR THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS' READERS.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



CENTENARY OF DARWIN'S IDEAS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

ACCORDING to estimates by radioactive time-clocks, and by other methods, it is now generally accepted that living matter first appeared on this planet 2,000,000,000 years ago. During that time there has been a succession of plants and animals in inestimable numbers. How many species are in existence to-day can only be stated in the most general terms, and computations vary from 2,000,000 to 10,000,000. When we try to express this in numbers of individuals, words become even more inadequate. It is equally impossible to say how many species have existed in the past. And when we try to link the enormous expanses of time with the tremendous numbers, we can but take single instances and hope these will convey an adequate impression of what is involved. Thus, in the history of the genus *Equus* (horses, asses and zebras) from the first ancestor (*Hyracotherium*) recognisable as of horse-stock, G. G. Simpson has made the following calculation: The transition from *Hyracotherium* to *Equus* has occupied a mere 60,000,000 years, involving the passage through eight genera each of an average duration of 7,500,000 years, thirty species of a duration-time of 2,000,000 years each, and 15,000,000 generations each reaching maturity in four years.

Beside these figures the task of the historian seems puny. He has only to deal with a mere 2000 years or so, from the time when the inhabitants of Britain were painting themselves with woad to the time when they are building nuclear reactors. Yet the course of his studies and those of the natural historian are not dissimilar. Each is reconstructing the past by fitting together what he can see to-day with relics preserved from former times. Moreover, both have to deal with a progression caused by a multitude of small and relatively insignificant events. The main difference between them is that the natural historian must deal in figures and concepts immeasurably more immense. Even so, he has reduced his problem to a simple formula: the evolution of living things is the result of random variation channelled by natural selection. Perhaps we should say rather that one natural historian did this a hundred years ago and that the work of his successors has tended to confirm his theory. The man was Charles Darwin, and this year we celebrate the centenary of the publication of his ideas. In "A Handbook on Evolution" (a booklet published this year by order of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History) at 5s.) we read: "Variation produces novelties at random, but selection determines which are preserved. Only a genius could have discovered a key of such simplicity to so great a problem. Only ignorance, neglect of truth, or prejudice could be the excuse for those who in the present state of knowledge, without discovering new facts in the laboratory or in the field, seek to impugn the scientific evidence for evolution."

In spite of these words, there are still, and will still remain, those who refuse to accept evolution as a thesis to explain the world in which we find ourselves. There are also those who, taking a less extreme view, prefer to go no further than to say that the theory of evolution is the only workable hypothesis that permits us adequately to interpret the observed facts. These, and others, have consistently asked whether there is a single instance of undoubted evolution having been observed. The best example is described in the British Museum's booklet, and is demonstrated in one of the series of fifteen new exhibition cases in the main hall of the Museum specially laid out to mark the centenary of Darwin's publication. The booklet is, indeed, a printed exposition of this series of exhibits.

This example has to do with industrial melanism, "the name given to the phenomenon in which moths are changing their complicated patterns from light to all-black coloration. Of the 780 species of British Macrolepidoptera, more than 70 are in the process of doing this. Industrial melanism is the most striking evolutionary change actually witnessed, and it demonstrates the effects of natural selection in producing adaptation conferring survival value, in accordance with Darwin's theory.

"Tree-trunks covered with lichen occurred all over Great Britain before the Industrial Revolution.



ADAPTATION IN THE HUIA-BIRD OF NEW ZEALAND WHICH IS NOW BELIEVED TO BE EXTINCT: THE MALE BIRD HAS A SHORT, STOUT BEAK "WITH WHICH IT CHISELS HOLES IN TREES," WHILE THE FEMALE HAS A LONG, SLENDER BEAK "WHICH REACHES THE GRUBS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HOLES."

The photographs on this page are reproduced from "A Handbook on Evolution," by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).



INDUSTRIAL MELANISM: ON THE LEFT IS A TREE-TRUNK FROM A RURAL AREA COVERED WITH LICHENS ON WHICH ARE ONE TYPICAL LIGHT-COLOURED PEPPERED MOTH AND ONE MELANIC ONE. ON THE RIGHT IS A TREE-TRUNK FROM AN INDUSTRIAL AREA COVERED WITH SOOT ON WHICH ARE ONE TYPICAL LIGHT-COLOURED PEPPERED MOTH AND ONE MELANIC FORM.

From an exhibit in the British Museum (Natural History) prepared by H. B. D. Ketleswell.

To-day they are only found in unpolluted areas such as the West of England and the Highlands of Scotland. The typical light-coloured Peppered Moth (*Biston betularia*) when resting on such a trunk or bough by day is almost invisible to birds, and thereby protected, whereas the melanic form *carbonaria* is extremely conspicuous and rapidly eliminated.

"Since the Industrial Revolution, the atmosphere of many areas in Great Britain has become progressively polluted by smoke. In and around industrial areas the pollution is measured in tons per square mile per month. This has resulted in the disappearance of visible lichens from trunks and boughs of trees, and their darkening due to

deposition of soot. The typical light-coloured Peppered Moth when resting on such trunks and boughs by day is extremely conspicuous and is rapidly eliminated by birds, whereas the melanic form *carbonaria* is protected on the dark background.

"The first melanic *carbonaria* form of the Peppered Moth was taken in Manchester in 1848. By 1900 the proportions of the melanic *carbonaria* form to the typical light-coloured Peppered Moth in Manchester was approximately 99 to 1. This represents a 30 per cent. advantage of the melanic over the light-coloured form in Manchester for this period of fifty years. In addition to the advantage which the melanic *carbonaria* form derived from its protective coloration, it has also been shown to differ from the light coloured form in its physiology and behaviour. Meanwhile, in unpolluted areas the typical light-coloured form was the only one found except for occasional melanic *carbonaria* mutants.

"A map of the distribution of the varieties of the Peppered Moth shows that to-day there is a correlation between the industrial areas and a high proportion of the melanic *carbonaria* form. Furthermore, the *carbonaria* form never drops below 80 per cent. of the population throughout the Eastern Counties of England. This is brought about by the indirect effects of smoke-drift from the industrial areas, due to the prevailing south-westerly wind.

"Selective predation of the varieties of the Peppered Moth by birds has been directly observed, and may be illustrated by photographs of a robin taking a melanic *carbonaria* from a lichened tree-trunk in Dorsetshire on which there were two typical light-coloured forms which the bird missed, and of a redstart taking the typical light-coloured form on a heavily polluted tree-trunk near Birmingham on which there were three melanic *carbonaria* forms which the bird missed. The melanic *carbonaria* form enjoys a 10 per cent. advantage in polluted areas, and suffers under a 17 per cent. disadvantage in unpolluted areas."

The British Museum exhibits take us through Variation, Adaptation, Selection, the Fossil Record, Morphology and Embryology, Geographical Variation, Isolation, the Formation of new Species, Classification, and the Evolution of Man, although it is admitted that "it is naturally impossible to present more than the barest framework of selected examples to illustrate its (i.e., evolution's) general principle." One could have wished, nevertheless, that some of the exhibits had a little more information. Thus, there is the Huia-bird, of New Zealand, "an example of adaptation involving both sexes but without reference to reproduction. The male bird has a short, stout beak with which it chisels holes in trees containing grubs of the particular beetle on which it feeds.

The female has a slender, curved beak, twice as long as that of the male and therefore with a longer reach, but not capable of chiselling. Co-operation between the members of a pair of mated Huia-birds is therefore indispensable for both to obtain food." But how exactly does this work? If the male can obtain food with his short beak, why does the female need a long beak, anyway, whether or not she does the chiselling? And if the co-operation of the two of a mated pair is needed to obtain food, how do the sub-adult birds, as yet unmated, fare? Perhaps the answer is not known, since the Huia-bird is now believed to be extinct. In any case, either more information should be given, or, if it is not known, such dogmatic words should have been avoided.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A FOREIGN OFFICE APPOINTMENT:
SIR ROGER STEVENS.

Sir Roger Stevens is to become a Deputy Under-Secretary of State in the Foreign Office, in succession to Sir William Hayter, it was reported on July 9. He has been Ambassador to Persia since 1954, and previously served in Washington; at the Foreign Office, and was Ambassador to Sweden from 1951 to 1954. He is 52, and before the Second World War served in Belgium and Spain.



RAKAPOSHI CLIMBED FOR FIRST TIME: CAPTAIN MIKE BANKS, R.M., leader of the British-Pakistani Forces' Himalayan Expedition, reached the summit of the 25,550-ft. peak Rakaposhi, in the Karakoram, which had never been climbed before, on June 25. With him was Surgeon-Lieutenant Patey. The success of the expedition was the result of "a very creditable effort of British-Pakistani co-operation."



A MIDDLE EAST APPOINTMENT: AIR VICE-MARSHAL W. M. L. MACDONALD. Air Vice-Marshal W. M. L. MacDonald, who has been Assistant Chief of the Air Staff (Intelligence) since 1954, is to become Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Air Force, next December, with the acting rank of Air Marshal. He joined the R.A.F. in 1929, and won the D.F.C. in the 1939-45 War. From 1952-54 he was Air Officer Commanding, Singapore.



TO BE AMBASSADOR TO BRAZIL:
SIR GEOFFREY WALLINGER.

Sir Geoffrey Wallinger has been appointed to succeed Sir Geoffrey Harrison as Ambassador at Rio de Janeiro, it was reported on July 9. Since 1954 he has been Ambassador at Vienna, and was previously Ambassador in Bangkok and in Budapest. In the course of the Second World War, he served in Chungking with the Chinese Nationalist Government.



THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR'S SON DIES: MR. EUGEN MALIK.

Mr. Eugen Malik, the nineteen-year-old son of the Russian Ambassador in London, died on July 11 in a London hospital where he had been critically ill for some weeks with advanced kidney disease. The younger of Mr. Malik's two sons, Eugen came to England to join his parents last year, having completed ten years' schooling. Mr. and Mrs. Malik were with him when he died.



ON SPEECH DAY AT ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL, LEATHERHEAD: LORD MONTGOMERY, GENERAL NORSTAD, THE HEADMASTER, AND (LEFT) THE HEAD BOY. Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, Chairman of the Governors of St. John's School, Leatherhead, was present with General Norstad at the School's Speech Day on July 3. In the photograph above they are seen with the Headmaster, Mr. H. B. L. Wake, and the Head Boy, M. T. Evans. General Norstad is Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, and Lord Montgomery Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, Europe.



THE WARDEN OF NEW COLLEGE:
THE LATE MR. A. H. SMITH.

Mr. A. H. Smith, who had been Warden of New College, Oxford, since 1944, died at Oxford on July 13, aged seventy-five. Educated at Dulwich and New College, he was at the Scottish Office from 1906-1919, when he returned to New College as Fellow and Tutor in Philosophy. He was a prominent figure in College and University life, and was Vice-Chancellor from 1954-57. He took especial interest in the buildings of his college.



AT THE ANNUAL RECEPTION OF THE GURKHA BRIGADE ASSOCIATION: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER MEETING SOME OF THE GURKHA OFFICERS. The Duke of Gloucester, deputising for the Queen, who was prevented by her illness from attending, was present at the annual reception of the Gurkha Brigade Association at the Hurlingham Club on July 11. As the Duke walked among the 900 former Gurkha officers and their guests, four Gurkha pipers marched and played. The first such Gurkha reception was held more than fifty years ago.



A RULER BANISHED: THE SULTAN OF LAHEJ. It was announced in the House of Commons on July 10 that the Government had withdrawn recognition from the Sultan of Lahej, Sir Ali bin Abdul al Karim, and had banned him from the territory and from the Aden Colony and Protectorate for the time being. It was explained that the Sultan had "for a considerable time been following a course of action incompatible with the treaties between him and the Government."



DURING HIS VISIT TO YUGOSLAVIA: PRESIDENT NASSER, WITH HIS WIFE, ARRIVING FOR LUNCH WITH PRESIDENT TITO ON BRIONI ISLAND. President Nasser, of the United Arab Republic, arrived in Yugoslavia for a fortnight's visit on July 2. Above, President Nasser is seen with his wife when they were about to lunch with President Tito on July 9, during the series of talks on Brioni Island.



A LEADING FIGURE IN THE UPHEAVAL IN IRAQ: NURI AL SAID, THE PRIME MINISTER.

Following the *coup d'état* in Iraq, it was announced by the rebel-held Baghdad Radio on July 14 that the Prime Minister, Nuri al Said, had been killed, but the radio later announced he had escaped. At the time of writing there was no definite news of the fate of King Faisal, and there were conflicting reports of that of his uncle, Crown Prince Abdul Illah.



I potted them up, and put them in my unheated greenhouse for the winter, and there, to my shame, they still are. But I feel that I really must do something about them without further delay. But what? I am told that one of the chief advantages of growing the climbing strawberry is that the plants need not be strowed at fruiting-time. Another virtue which I have seen claimed is that they need not be netted against marauding birds.

I have not seen these strawberries actually performing, but I gather that the plants send out runners just like any other normal strawberry, and these are trained up some form of support, such as netting or trellis, and produce plantlet after plantlet, one above another, strung together like beads on a necklace, and nourished and maintained by the connecting string-like stem; and fruit in a sort of curtain of runners. Ordinary normal strawberry plants send out runners, whole necklaces of them, which trail upon the ground, rooting as they go, and eventually fruiting—unless the careful gardener removes them—all but a selected few, which are retained to form a fresh bed for another year. What I do not quite understand about the climbing strawberry, is how it manages to support a number of runners and their growing plantlets, entirely from the parent root in the ground, and entirely through the slender, string-like runner-stems. And for how long, I want to know, will the "climbing" growths go on fruiting? A single season, a couple of seasons, or do the plants growing in the soil have to send up a fresh curtain of runners each year?

Try as I will I can not quite grasp what are the advantages of the climbing strawberry. True, one is saved the trouble and expense of strowing the plants to keep the berries from becoming soiled and gritty through contact with the ground. But against that is the trouble and expense of providing some sort of support—wires, trellis, or what not—to which to train and tie the runners. They can not climb by twining, or by clinging tendrils, like any true climber. In fact, they are apparently crawlers, like any other strawberry, and are "climbers" only by virtue of being trained up and tied to their supporting wires or trellis.

And thieving birds? I feel pretty sure that the blackbirds in my garden would steal my climbing strawberries unless they were securely netted, climb they never so high. On a north wall in my garden I have grown and trained a number of cordon gooseberries, tied in to wires, to a height of 6 ft. or more. But unless I net them most securely each year, the blackbirds, regardless of the barrage of fierce gooseberry thorns, would clear the whole crop as it ripens. I feel pretty sure they would do the same with a curtain of climbing

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

CLIMBING STRAWBERRIES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

strawberries. As far as I can puzzle the matter out, the advantages of no strowing and no netting seem to be cancelled out by the necessity for providing something for the plants to climb, and the almost certain necessity for nets to diddle the blackbirds.

I am very puzzled as to what to do about my climbing strawberries. Perhaps, having only two specimens, my best plan will be to plant them out and let them run and produce a

working stock of young earth-rooted plants, so that I can give this novelty a fair working trial another year. Meanwhile, I may perhaps have the good fortune to see a curtain of climbing strawberries in someone's garden, and so learn what is the best support to provide for climbing exercises, and the best way of training up and fastening the screen of runners. I am told, by the by, that the flavour and quality of the berries is excellent, so that perhaps, if I fail to fall for the climbing technique, I may in the end resort to growing my so-called climbers in the more normal manner—the manner of the serpent—"upon thy belly shalt thou go."

It might, of course, be argued that the great advantage of strawberries fruiting at a height of several feet from the ground would be in favour of greedy folk, who, having reached the stage of being no longer able to stoop to gather and guzzle, could stand up to their revolting ploy.

Gathering and eating an odd super-sized and dead-ripe strawberry direct from the bed, here and there and now and then, is certainly very pleasant, but it is not the way to get the very best from this wonderful fruit. To enjoy strawberries at their very best, they should be left to become absolutely fully and dead-ripe. Only thus is the flavour at its fullest, and the juice at its juiciest. Yet how seldom does one have strawberries in this condition. Then, too, they should be prepared for the table overnight, or, at least, several hours before they are to be eaten. The preparation is very simple. Remove the toby-frill stalks and then crush the berries very slightly. Do not mash them. Just break them open very gently with a fork and then sprinkle with plenty of sugar, and leave them overnight. Marinating thus with sugar brings out the flavour, and at the same time brings out the juice. In fact, the fruit will be found to be literally swimming in its own juice. Cream, of course. Lots of it.

Having used the word "marinate," I hesitated. So I turned it up in no fewer than three dictionaries. What shocks a dictionary can give one. All three give the noun "marinate," or "marinade," as applied to fish or meat steeped in a pickle of wine, vinegar, and spices. No mention of the verb marinate. How paltry! Anyway, I marinate my strawberries in sugar and their own precious juices, and leave vinegar and spices for the grosser meats.

With the little Alpine strawberries which, when fresh-gathered, are light as a feather, and show little fleshiness and juice, by far the best way is to marinate them, as I have described, with gentle crushing and plenty of sugar. They, too, swim in their own juice after a few hours of the treatment, and emerge as food far, far too good for the gods—but perfect for you and me.



THE CLIMBING STRAWBERRY "SONJANA", IN FULL FRUIT IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

Although this type of strawberry is relatively new to gardens in this country and the system of its best management has yet to be established, very satisfactory reports have been received from different parts of the country. During last year in an exposed Scottish garden, the plants did not come into fruit until August, but from that point they kept on producing steadily until the first week of November. As this shows, the type is perpetual-fruiting; and indeed in our photograph flowers and fruit can be seen side by side as in the Alpine strawberry. The fruits are of the usual size but unusually sweet, possibly as the result of receiving more sunlight than the usual varieties. The "climbing" factor could be an advantage in a small or town garden, where space can ill be spared for the conventional strawberry-bed.

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of Bakers Nurseries, Ltd.

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THE END CROWNS THE WORK: SETTING IN PLACE THE LINTEL-STONE OF THE RE-ERECTED TRILITHON, THE LAST MAJOR OPERATION IN THE MINISTRY OF WORKS' RESTORATION OF STONEHENGE.

On July 9 the lintel-stone (No. 158) of the trilithon which fell down in January, 1797, was set in place on the two uprights (Nos. 57 and 58) which had been re-erected earlier this summer. The further upright is still wearing the "corset" which was put on as a precaution when it was being moved, as this stone has a crack in it. This, however, and the beams which can be seen will, presumably, be removed when the concrete raft in which the uprights have been set has completely dried out. Meanwhile,

the upright and the repaired lintel (Nos. 22 and 122) of the outer circle (which fell in a storm early this century) have also been reinstated. At the time of writing all that remained to be done was the replacing of one or two small stones which were moved during the operation and the lowering of the general ground-level of the monument by a few inches to something like its original level—but this last will not interfere with public access to the monument. All should be completed by September.

FROM THE ALBERT HALL TO ARK ROYAL: ROYAL AND OTHER OCCASIONS.



AT THE WORLD-WIDE MEETING OF THE MOTHERS' UNION IN THE ALBERT HALL ON JULY 9: THE CENTRAL PRESIDENT READING A MESSAGE FROM THE QUEEN, WHO WAS TO HAVE ADDRESSED THE MEETING, BUT WAS PREVENTED FROM ATTENDING BY HER ILLNESS.



DUE TO BE OPENED BY THE QUEEN ON JULY 29: THE NEW OFFICERS' MESS BUILDING AT THE ROYAL NAVAL ENGINEERING COLLEGE, MANADON, PLYMOUTH. THE SOUTH FRONT OF THIS FINE CONTEMPORARY-STYLE BUILDING IS SHOWN HERE.



THE START OF THE CATAMARANS AT FOLKESTONE IN THE FOLKESTONE-BOULOGNE CROSS-CHANNEL CHAMPIONSHIP RACE FOR DINGHIES AND CATAMARANS ON JULY 12. Though the next day was one of severe gales, the pace during the cross-Channel race on July 12 was a very slow one. The eventual winner on handicap was *Freedom*, an 18-ft. catamaran sailed by D. R. Robertson, W. G. Sorley and C. Pritchard-Barett as crew.



FROM HELICOPTER TO AIRCRAFT CARRIER: THE QUEEN MOTHER STEPPING ON TO THE FLIGHT-DECK OF ARK ROYAL ON JULY 11.



DURING HER VISIT TO THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER ARK ROYAL: THE QUEEN MOTHER BEING DRIVEN ROUND THE FLIGHT-DECK ON AN INSPECTION OF THE SHIP'S COMPANY.

The Queen Mother visited the aircraft carrier *Ark Royal* at Devonport on July 11 in order to carry out a promise made during her last visit to the ship. She presented a ceremonial sash to the drum major of the ship's volunteer band. Her Majesty had flown to Exeter, and from there she flew to the ship in a Navy *Whirlwind* helicopter.

ON THE BRITISH NATIONAL DAYS: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION.



ON ARRIVING AT THE ROYAL PALACE OF LAEKEN: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH BEING WELCOMED BY EX-KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM AND PRINCE ALEXANDRE.



AT THE B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA'S CONCERT UNDER SIR MALCOLM SARGENT: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH KING BAUDOUIN IN THE GRAND AUDITORIUM.



IN THE BRITISH INDUSTRY PAVILION AT THE EXHIBITION: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH INSPECTING PART OF THE LARGE NUCLEAR POWER PLANT DISPLAY.



IN THE CANADIAN PAVILION ON JULY 11: THE DUKE AND THE CANADIAN COMMISSIONER-GENERAL (RIGHT) DISCUSSING A MODEL OF THE NIAGARA RIVER INSTALLATIONS.



ON THE STANDARD TELEPHONES AND CABLES LTD. STAND IN THE BRITISH INDUSTRY PAVILION: THE DUKE SHOWING GREAT INTEREST IN A STANTEC-ZEBRA COMPUTER.



ON THE ROLLS-ROYCE STAND: THE DUKE STUDYING ONE OF THE AIRCRAFT ENGINE EXHIBITS DURING HIS VISIT TO THE BRITISH SECTION ON JULY 10.



SEEING ANOTHER SIDE OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: THE DUKE LOOKING AT EXHIBITS ON THE ROYAL DOULTON POTTERIES STAND, WHERE A VARIETY OF CERAMICS IS DISPLAYED.

July 10, 11 and 12 were British National Days at the Brussels Universal Exhibition, and to mark the occasion the Duke of Edinburgh paid a two-day visit to this impressive World Fair. The Duke, who stayed as the guest of the Belgian Royal family at Laeken Palace, arrived in Brussels on July 10, and on that day he toured the British Section of the Exhibition. After a relatively rapid inspection of the Government Pavilion, the Duke visited every stand in the much larger British Industry Pavilion, where he showed keen interest in the great variety of industrial exhibits. That evening the Duke and King

Baudouin attended a concert given by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and the Huddersfield Choir in the Grand Auditorium of the Exhibition. On the second day of his visit the Duke was guest of honour with Prince Albert, King Baudouin's brother, at a luncheon given by the British Government and the Federation of British Industries. He also visited the Canadian Pavilion, and took the lift to the top of the Atomium, from which a fine view of the whole Exhibition may be seen. In the evening King Baudouin gave a dinner in the Duke of Edinburgh's honour in the "Hall of Mirrors" at the Royal Palace.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

MARY AND MARINA.

By J. C. TREWIN.

BOTH Mary and Marina have had to stand their trials again. The first of these suffering heroines, Mary Dugan, known professionally as Mona Tree, was alleged to have stabbed her "protector," a dubious millionaire, to death. The District Attorney addressed the Supreme Court of the County of New York with the triumphant bravado of a man who knew that the prisoner had no defence in the world.

But she had. Her brother Jimmy, fighting his first case as a barrister, found it, putting it

Marina, at Stratford-upon-Avon, has another kind of trial in another kind of revival. The daughter of the Prince of Tyre, captured by pirates and sold into a brothel at Mitylene, must always have our sympathy whenever she is allowed to appear upon the stage. In recent years we have met her, and "Pericles," quite often, and it is right that we should at last find the entire romantic fantasy at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, where it has never had much success. This is only the third production there.

Of course, the play is semi-Shakespearean. By now it is accepted, as a rule—though we must beware of foisting off anything inferior upon a whipping-boy "Hand B"—that Shakespeare's quality is not apparent until the third act. Old John Coleman, using "Sign of the Cross" verbiage, made a terrible mess of his adaptation at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1900 when he "eradicated, purged, eliminated"—his own words—with so much vigour that the original was almost hidden. Nugent Monck, at Stratford just over a decade ago, did far more justice to Shakespeare, but he sliced out the whole of the first act. This, with the Antioch riddle and the "misery of Tarsus," has now been staged for the first time in Stratford record.

On the whole, that first act comes off as well as anything in the new production. The Antioch opening has a certain livid force, and Rachel Kempson and Donald Eccles can express the anguish in the first few moments of the Tarsus scene. But elsewhere I did get an impression that the director, Tony Richardson, was far more concerned with the look of the play than with its sound. He enjoys bold pictorial effects: a banquet, a ship at sea, and so forth. These are suitably accomplished, and the Stratford stage rises and falls as it usually does when a young director, fresh to it, is testing its mechanics.

Still, we are expected to listen to a play, and "Pericles," though it is extraordinarily uneven, has some superb Shakespearean verse. When we hear the line, "Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges," we must settle to listen intently, and at Stratford it is hard to hear a word. The storm carries all else before it. There is a tremendous amount of atmospheric clatter. I am prepared to believe that it was like this on board a ship in danger off the Levantine coast—just as it must have been something like this on the whaler of "Moby Dick"—and, having accepted the fact, I want to hear the verse. At Stratford I was extremely sorry for such a fine actor as Richard Johnson, who had to shout against the elements. The storm, as with Lear upon the heath, is in the lines: we do not want it always bellowing turbulently from the wings.

Throughout, too, Mr. Richardson has made sure that we shall lose most of the lines for Gower, the Chorus. Though his couplets are often very bad (I have a fondness for the one about the "cat with eyne of burning coal"), that is no reason why we should not be allowed to hear them. In any event, for a playgoer unused to "Pericles," Gower is an important link between the shifting scenes. Mr. Richardson gives the part to Edric Connor, the West Indian actor, who has a fine voice; he cannot be blamed for his difficulty in coping with the monotonous music of

Roberto Gerhard. I do not want to find Gower narrating a story, calypso-fashion (and with the words of the story often inaudible), to a group of sailors; I want to hear what he says.

Mr. Richardson excuses himself by assuming that the device gives unity to the chaotic play; that what we get is Gower's narrative as imagined by the listening sailors and duly heightened and simplified. Ingenious; yet I hold that any listener to "Pericles" imposes a unity of his own upon the piece, and that excessive anxiety to help merely gets in the way.

I have gone a long way without mentioning Marina and her trial. She is acted by Geraldine McEwan, usually a clever "personality" comedienne, and here subdued loyally to the part of the lost child; she never tries to turn a scene or a line to jest. I wish I could appreciate her voice, which is still, for me, excessively mannered. At Stratford I was remembering, all the while, such previous Marinas as Daphne Slater, Margaret Vines, and Doreen Aris. Indeed, during much of a night of resource, vigour, and pictorial quality—the sets, by Loudon Sainthill, are based upon a great galley—I was thinking of earlier productions, by such people as Robert Atkins, John Harrison, and Douglas Seale, that allowed us to hear the play without any sort of fuss, and that made of it a steadily impressive night.

The most successful passages now are the awakening of Thaisa in the house of Cerimon at Ephesus—Anthony Nicholls and Stephanie Bidmead act and speak with feeling—and the lovely Recognition, where Richard Johnson (whose Pericles never fails to hold the night together) and



'THE LOVELY RECOGNITION, WHERE RICHARD JOHNSON . . . AND MISS McEWAN DO FIND MUCH OF THE AWE AND WONDER': A SCENE FROM "PERICLES" (STRATFORD-UPON-AVON) SHOWING RICHARD JOHNSON IN THE TITLE-ROLE, WITH GERALDINE McEWAN AS MARINA.

together as the trial went on, and ending with a revelation that the fatal blow was struck left-handed. And who struck it? That I do not propose to say, for even though "The Trial of Mary Dugan" is thirty years old, some people have either forgotten the end, or have never known it; and a gasp at the Savoy premiere proved that Bayard Veiller's melodrama was still staunch. In reviving it, Peter Saunders has chosen wisely. It may be an old play, but it is a good one of its kind, one that does not pretend for a moment to be more than it is, and there is every reason to let a new generation see what a craftsman could do.

Veiller was certainly a craftsman. His story is a string of calculated sensations; these effects are judged to a hair. Maybe, in another thirty years, the play will come up again as a period melodrama that is a model of what can be contrived within the frame of a courtroom: thanks to American legal methods, a frame not too rigid. I do not say it is important—nobody claims that it is—but it can excite as a melodrama should, and for that we ought to give thanks to the author, the director (Wallace Douglas), and the cast.

Obviously, Mary could not have committed the crime. She is the not entirely spotless, but, as we find, abundantly self-sacrificing heroine in the toils: Betsy Blair is content to act her with a patient honesty, and a charm that should have knocked the District Attorney off his perch at once. He is an arrogant bully whom Cec Linder does not mitigate. Jimmy (for the defence and the family) is David Knight, who has our warm confidence from the first. A procession of witnesses passes beneath the properly unimpassioned gaze of the Judge (Robert Henderson), and during an interval Lionel Gadsden, roaming the court as a wordless spectator in his lunch-hour, shows what an experienced actor can make of a mime.



"IN REVIVING IT, PETER SAUNDERS HAS CHOSEN WISELY. IT MAY BE AN OLD PLAY, BUT IT IS A GOOD ONE OF ITS KIND": "THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN" (SAVOY).

A thirty-year-old play which has recently been revived in London is Bayard Veiller's "The Trial of Mary Dugan," which is presented by Peter Saunders. This scene from the play shows (l. to r.) Mary Dugan (Betsy Blair); Jimmy Dugan (David Knight); District Attorney Galwey (Cec Linder) and Mrs. Edgar Rice (Patricia Burke).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"AS YOU LIKE IT" (Open Air Theatre).—Cecilia Sonnenberg as Rosalind; Robert Atkins plays Jaques for the first time in Regent's Park. (July 14.)
 "CHICKEN SOUP WITH BARLEY" (Royal Court).—The company from the Belgrade Theatre at Coventry in a play by Arnold Wesker. (July 14.)
 BUENOS AIRES OPERA (Sadler's Wells).—The Opera de Camara in a double-bill: "Filosofo di Campagna" and "Maestro di Cappella." (July 14.)
 "THE HAMLET OF STEPNEY GREEN" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Bernard Kops's play of the East End reaches London. (July 15.)
 "FIVE FINGER EXERCISE" (Comedy).—A play by Peter Shaffer, directed by Sir John Gielgud. (July 17.)
 "IRMA-LA-DOUCE" (Lyric).—Elizabeth Seal and Keith Michell in Peter Brook's English production of the musical comedy so successful in Paris. (July 17.)

Miss McEwan do find much of the awe and wonder. The dangerous Brothel scene in the fourth act is presented simply enough; Mr. Richardson has wisely refused to heighten and simplify, and Angela Baddeley carries it as the dire Bawd.

If I am half-hearted about the revival on which much labour has been spent, it is simply because I do expect in the theatre to hear a play, and I cannot hold that Stratford-upon-Avon, even yet, has really heard "Pericles." The Storm scene, for me, was—what shall I say?—a trial.



(1) ON THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE: TROOPS OF A NORTH AFRICAN UNIT MARCHING PAST. (2) AT THE SALUTING-BASE FOR THE BASTILLE DAY PARADE IN PARIS: (L. TO R.) GENERAL SALAN, GENERAL ELY AND GENERAL MASSU. (3) PRESIDENT COTY AND GENERAL DE GAULLE AMONG A GROUP OF ALGERIAN EX-SERVICEMEN. (4) AFTER PASSING DOWN THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES: SOME OF THE ALGERIAN MUSLIM EX-SERVICEMEN WHO RECEIVED WARM APPLAUSE FROM THE CROWD.

JULY 14 IN FRANCE: GENERAL DE GAULLE IN PARIS AND TOULON; PARISIANS CHEER ALGERIAN EX-SERVICEMEN.

Bastille Day, July 14, was celebrated with great enthusiasm in Paris this year, a notable part in the celebrations being played by groups of Algerian Muslim ex-Servicemen. The day before, General de Gaulle made a broadcast in which he spoke of the special place Algeria was to have in the French Union, and at the large parade in Paris on Bastille Day the huge crowds gave a specially warm welcome to the Algerian Muslim

ex-Servicemen. General de Gaulle spent only a brief time at the parade in the morning, leaving to fly to Toulon for a naval review. Had he been in the saluting stand at the march-past he would have had to yield precedence to the President, and the Presidents of the two Houses of Parliament. While young Muslims were passing the saluting-point, four shouted "Down with Algérie Française!" and were removed by the police.

FROM CIVIL DEFENCE TO THE EMPIRE GAMES: A MISCELLANY OF HOME NEWS.



"LOOK HERE, UPON THIS PICTURE . . .": MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL OBSERVER CORPS, AT THEIR ANNUAL CAMP AT WEST MALLING, STUDYING A SCALE MODEL OF BIRMINGHAM.



"... AND ON THIS": THE SAME MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL OBSERVER CORPS STUDY ANOTHER MODEL OF BIRMINGHAM, AFTER A SUPPOSED ATOMIC ATTACK.

The annual camp of the Royal Observer Corps takes place at the R.A.F. Station, West Malling, Kent; and there each week a contingent of about 440 men and 160 women receives instruction in aircraft spotting and the monitoring and reporting of nuclear fall-out.



THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND COMMONWEALTH GAMES: A CHEERFUL GROUP OF THE ATHLETES PASSING THROUGH THE GATE OF THE EMPIRE GAMES VILLAGE.



THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM: FRANK MITCHELL, WHO ESCAPED FROM BROADMOOR, DOCILELY ENTERING WOKINGHAM COURT, WHERE HE CAUSED A VIOLENT DISTURBANCE.

Frank Samuel Mitchell struggled violently for some minutes with police officers at Wokingham on July 10 after he had been remanded to Brixton Prison. He escaped from Broadmoor on July 8 and was captured 48 hours later. He appeared at Wokingham on a charge of robbery with violence and the remand was until July 15. He was finally carried from the court with his hands manacled.



A TRAFFIC INNOVATION IN CENTRAL LONDON: A NOTICE MARKING AN AREA IN MAYFAIR WHERE CARS CAN ONLY BE PARKED ALONGSIDE AUTOMATIC PARKING METERS.

On July 10 Mr. G. R. H. Nugent, Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation, inaugurated the first British parking-meter system in the north-west area of Mayfair, where cars would only be allowed to park by one of the 600 kerbside meters. The charge for parking is 6d. for an hour, 1s. for two hours. Thereafter, there is an excess charge of 10/- for the next two hours.



SHOWING THE FRIENDLY SPIRIT PREVAILING IN THE EMPIRE GAMES VILLAGE: TWO AUSTRALIAN GIRL SWIMMERS WITH A GROUP OF GHANA ATHLETES.

During the past weeks athletes from far and near have been assembling in Wales for the British Empire and Commonwealth Games in Cardiff from July 18 to July 26. They are living in the Empire Games Village, in the R.A.F. establishment at St. Athan, Glamorgan.



AT THE FLAG-RAISING CEREMONY AT THE EMPIRE GAMES VILLAGE: MEMBERS OF THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT MARCHING PAST.



AS IT MIGHT BE VIEWED BY AN IMPRISONED MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT: WESTMINSTER BRIDGE AND THE THAMES SEEN FROM THE PRISONERS' ROOM IN THE CLOCK TOWER.

ON the first floor of the Clock Tower in the Houses of Parliament buildings at Westminster is a room which does not often come into prominence. Members guilty of a misdemeanour could, however, be "sent to the Clock Tower" and committed to it in the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms. This room, as can be seen in the photograph, is still kept clean and habitable, although the last occupant was committed to it as long ago as 1880. In *The Illustrated London News* of July 3, 1880, there appeared a detailed account, accompanied by engravings (one of which is reproduced here) of an "extraordinary scene in the House" when Mr. Bradlaugh, Member for Northampton, appeared at the Bar of the House of Commons with a view to taking his seat and claimed the right to affirm instead of swearing an oath on the Bible. He was arrested by the Serjeant-at-Arms "for disobedience to the order of the House which had enjoined him to withdraw." Mr. Bradlaugh, accompanied by one of his daughters, was then confined until the next day in the prisoners' room—"one of the ordinary chambers of that Gothic edifice, plainly but commodiously furnished; only the window is barred."

(Right.) IN JUNE 1880: MR. CHARLES BRADLAUGH, M.P. (LEFT), IN THE PRISON IN THE CLOCK TOWER. MISS BRADLAUGH, HIS DAUGHTER, IS AT THE TEA-TABLE AND HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY AT A DESK (RIGHT).

STILL KEPT CLEAN AND HABITABLE: THE M.P.s' PRISON IN THE CLOCK TOWER AT WESTMINSTER.



UNOCCUPIED SINCE 1880 BUT STILL HABITABLE: THE ROOM IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT WHERE A PRISONER IN CUSTODY OF THE SERJEANT-AT-ARMS WOULD BE CONFINED.



NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THESE days we are really getting a chance to salvage our Roman history. It is a case of all hands to the pump: Mr. Green's Sulla, Mr. Duggan's Lepidus, and now "The Young Caesar," by Rex Warner (Collins; 16s.), which defines itself. Not that I can claim to be a good pupil; as far as facts are concerned, I find already that "The Sword of Pleasure" and "Three's Company" have been writ in water. Doubtless it will be the same here; and I should be absurd to attempt any historical judgment or comparison of these recreations. However, they are all fiction, and all enjoyable. They are all glaringly well-informed. And this, I think, is the smoothest of them.

Indeed, too smooth for its hypothesis to be swallowed. Caesar, on the eve of assassination, under a presentiment of doom, recalls his early life in a flash—and recalls it not only in lucid and perfect sequence, but in his style as an author. So the experts say. It is a quiet style, coolly revealing, and, one may well believe, brilliantly captured—but not at all like a stream of thought. And the incongruity seems perverse; there was no need to deny the subject a pen, though one can understand his lacking the gift of reverie. For that would have involved the unknown Caesar, the "inner man," who—I must say, even in opposition to Miss C. V. Wedgwood—does not appear. The writer has been too scrupulous to invent him. Take one of his four marriages, for example. We learn that he was in love with Cornelia; that they remained married; and that he loved her to the end, "in spite of my numerous infidelities, which had greatly distressed her." And that's all. In one sense, it is exhaustive; but it is an abstract, with no Cornelia and no substance.

However, the main theme is at once friendlier to abstraction, and less abandoned to it. This is the nonage of a Dictator: his early years, his first glimpses of power, government and revolution, his début in politics, and his thoughts on looking back. In this field, modesty and solidity can be reconciled. Caesar's mother is a name; but his Uncle Marius, the grotesque titan of his childhood, really emerges. So does Sulla, though more fleetingly. So do Pompey, Cato and Cicero, at a later stage. We believe this view of them, because the tone is so rational. It is, indeed, the compelling charm; for at that stage the narrator's activities were small beer, and far more dexterous than high-minded. And the absorbing question is what to think of him—after all. Mr. Warner gives us no lead: only a strong delusion that the evidence is before us.

OTHER FICTION.

"Dunbar's Cove," by Borden Deal (Hutchinson; 16s.), might be described as a historical novel of to-day, or a bucolic epic. The irresistible force is the Tennessee Valley Authority: the unmoving obstacle, Matthew Dunbar. They intend to flood Dunbar's Cove; and he means them to do it over his dead body. For the Cove is a trust; it came down to him from the first Dunbar, the "white Indian," and he has to preserve it for the worthiest: one of his sons, still unborn. And now Crawford Gates is trying to preach him into surrender. For he, too, is an enthusiast, and, indeed, a kindred spirit; it is a conflict of right and right. Crawford wants to convert Matthew, not force him—especially as he has fallen in love with Arlis Dunbar—and the T.V.A. gives him scope. But though the farmer is not a violent man, he can go berserk in an extremity. And he does so now—addressing himself to kill and die in the last ditch, although the struggle is meaningless and all his sons have contracted out. Nothing can change his mind; he has to be saved and converted by a miracle, at the eleventh hour. But we accept the miracle; and such a warm-hearted, abundant story ought to have a happy ending.

"Cocktail Time," by P. G. Wodehouse (Herbert Jenkins; 12s. 6d.), has also a tinge of the miraculous. Time goes on; but Uncle Fred—the fifth Earl of Ickenham—is *in statu quo*. When the curtain went up on him in the Drones Club, among Eggs and Beans, I had a spell of horrid doubt; I thought the fun might be rather laboured. And, indeed, the shooting of Beefy Bastable with a Brazil-nut fails to split one's sides. However, it is a needful prelude to that respectable man's anonymous and best-selling "Cocktail Time." And after that we are well away. Uncle Fred finds a complexity of occasions for dispensing sweetness and light; and the idiom—always nine-tenths of the pleasure—is its old self.

"The Frightened One," by Frederick Gamble (Arthur Barker; 12s. 6d.), brings down one's spirits. The scene is Belfast. Chris Roper is a commercial traveller—in lieu of his brother Harry, the deceased "card"—and has a cool wife who preferred Harry. When, for the *n*th time, she won't come out with him, he starts chasing a pick-up. Ruth is his first. They have a few evenings together, with a bit of parking in the Loan Road; and then she wants £60. In the end he throttles her. And for more than a year nothing happens. Then a second murder in the Loan Road comes to renew his torment. . . . There are some thrills; but a drab, haunted normality is the essence. In its way, outstanding.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

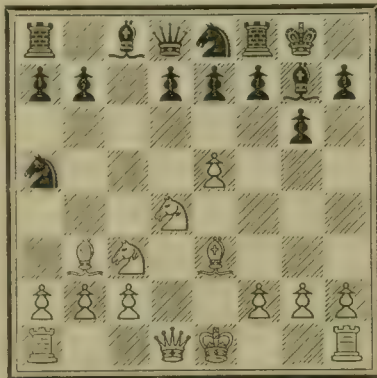
IT is curious that, a few days after debating whether a game of ten moves or fewer have any analytical merit at all, I should come across one, played in Russia earlier this year which finishes—on move ten—with a very pretty combination indeed.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

BASTRIKOV	SHAMKOVICH	BASTRIKOV	SHAMKOVICH
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-QB4	5. Kt×P	B-Kt2
2. Kt-K2	Kt-QB3	6. B-K3	Kt-B3
3. QKt-B3	P-KKt3	7. B-QB4	Castles
4. P-Q4	P×P	8. B-Kt3	

Not the least piquant feature of this game is that White should win probably the shortest game of his life after this "waste of time." We all know the adage "Never move any piece twice until you have moved every piece once." Not a bad general principle at all; but general principles provide only the vaguest of guides through the complex labyrinths of chess.

Unfortunately for him, if Black goes to eliminate the deadly White king's bishop, he can be out-captured: 9. . . . Kt×B; 10. P×Kt(B6), Kt×R; 11. P×B; Black is no more than "the exchange" up and has two pieces *en prise*.



10. B×Pch! Black resigns

There are three distinct possible lines of play. If 10. . . . K-R1 then 11. Kt-K6 wins Black's queen (and for one piece only since, after 11. . . . P×Kt; 12. Q×Q, R×B, for instance, there is still plenty of black material *en prise*).

If 10. . . . R×B; 11. Kt-K6 with a similar outcome.

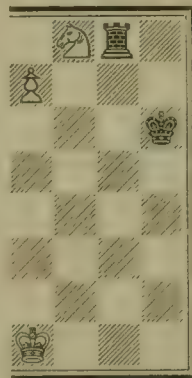
Finally, if 10. . . . K×B; 11. Kt-K6 wins once again though by prettier play yet: 11. . . . K×Kt; 12. Q-Q5ch, K-B4 and Black's king catches a terrible cold out in the open. 13. P-K6 dis ch would, I think, win now but the reply 13. . . . B-K4 might make the process a slow one; the more ruthless 13. P-KKtch, bringing White's king's rook as well into the hunt, should ensure mate in a few moves.

For a change, an amusing bit of end-game play.

Black, gazing desperately at that pawn-about-to-queen, tries 1. . . . R-Kt4. Now if 2. P-K8(Q) then 2. . . . R-K4ch; 3. Q×R is stalemate. Promoting the pawn to R, B or Kt leaves White with insufficient material advantage to win.

But 2. Kt-Kt6! does the trick. (From a study by F. Lazard.)

Black.



White.

readers if he had cast just a yard or two further!

"Of Fish and Men," by Jon Miller (Jarrolds; 18s.), is an account of the journeys of an ichthyologist, usually in order to collect specimens for the London Aquarium. Mr. Miller has as shrewd and as kindly an eye for his men as for his fish. Since his journeys took him to Czechoslovakia and Russia, he has much of interest to tell his readers about what goes on behind the Iron Curtain—and not only in Soviet ichthyology!

Travel still being in the air, I will end by mentioning two new editions of the Blue Guides, which have just made a timely appearance: "North-Western France" and "Northern Spain" (Benn; 42s. and 45s., respectively), edited by L. Russell Muirhead. These are guides for the tourist with an academic and enquiring mind, and for their purpose they could hardly be bettered.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM NYMPHS TO NAPOLEON.

IT would be natural, if one went by school history text-books, to imagine that the marriage of the Emperor Napoleon I to the Archduchess Marie-Louise was purely one of convenience—and that the only convenience studied was that of the French Emperor's policy. One might paint oneself a picture of the haughty, aristocratic Archduchess, submitting coldly to an alliance which her father, the Austrian Emperor, was hardly in a position to refuse. But Marie-Louise was not at all like that. It was by no means a case of a "lovely heifer offered up to a Minotaur," as the Prince de Ligne described it. She was what our parents would have called "rather a jolly girl"—simple, bourgeoisie, and countrified in her tastes. All this emerges quite clearly from "My Dearest Louise: Letters of Marie-Louise and Napoleon, 1813-1814," edited by Baron C.-F. Palmstierna (Methuen; 25s.). "At Schönbrunn," writes the editor, "she was happiest with her geese, her chickens, her turtle-doves, her rabbits, and her dog *Thisbe*. She loved to dabble in cookery and to make dainties, preserves, and pastries. . . . Generally believed to be strong and healthy—though she always had a slight tendency to consumption—she fussed over trifling disorders. . . . Cotton knickers and drawers, that revolution in feminine underwear, owed their introduction into French life to Marie-Louise."

Affairs of State did not appeal to the Empress.

In September 1813, she writes to Napoleon, who was with his armies: "I held the Council of Ministers this morning; it didn't last very long in spite of the discussions that raged between several of these Gentlemen about the pay and clothing of the Spanish troops serving with your army in Spain. You will laugh at me when I tell you that every time I see these Gentlemen involved in a heated argument, I get into such a panic that I long to run away." Early next year she was fussing about the appointment of General Carnot as Governor of Antwerp. She also received the National Guard, and read them a reply prepared for her by the Arch-Chancellor. "I had made one of my own," she writes, "with the help of M. Meneval, and between you and me I thought it better than the other, but I suddenly took fright lest you shouldn't like it, and turned it down for that reason." She writes dutifully about victories, but it is domestic details that really interest her. On March 15, 1814, when the Allies were already threatening Paris, she writes: "I hate to think of you on military operations in this cold, wet weather; I am sure your clothes must often be soaking wet when you can't possibly change them, and it makes me very worried and uneasy." When Napoleon's abdication was imposed by the Allies, the correspondence became confused, and finally tragic. Napoleon's letters are, as usual, short—almost curt—but one senses the feeling behind them. Marie-Louise is emotional. "I am in black despair at being compelled to leave like this without seeing you, the very thought of it plunges me into such depths of misery that I don't know what will become of me; but please, Darling, don't be angry with me; I really can't help it, I love you so much that it breaks my heart in two." But they were separated, and Marie-Louise had not the fortitude to remain faithful in separation. Her intrigue with Count Neipperg assisted Metternich's plans, and by the time of the return from Elba she was quite willing that the separation should be permanent.

Baron Palmstierna is much to be congratulated on his excellent editing, and E. M. Wilkinson on the only really satisfactory translation which I have read for many years.

"Nymphs and the Trout," by Frank Sawyer (edited by Wilson Stephens; Stanley Paul; 16s.), is technical, but, none the less, interesting. My only criticism is that it might have been better if, to assist the wholly ignorant, the author had explained on an early page exactly what a nymph is. Having finished this book, I now think that I know, but I am not going to commit myself to a definition here! True, the purpose of the book is to introduce a new technique of trout-fishing to those who are already adepts with the dry-fly, and who therefore must be perfectly familiar with the nymphs (ought they not to be called naiads?) to be met on trout-streams. But Mr. Sawyer might have hooked a whole creelful of extra



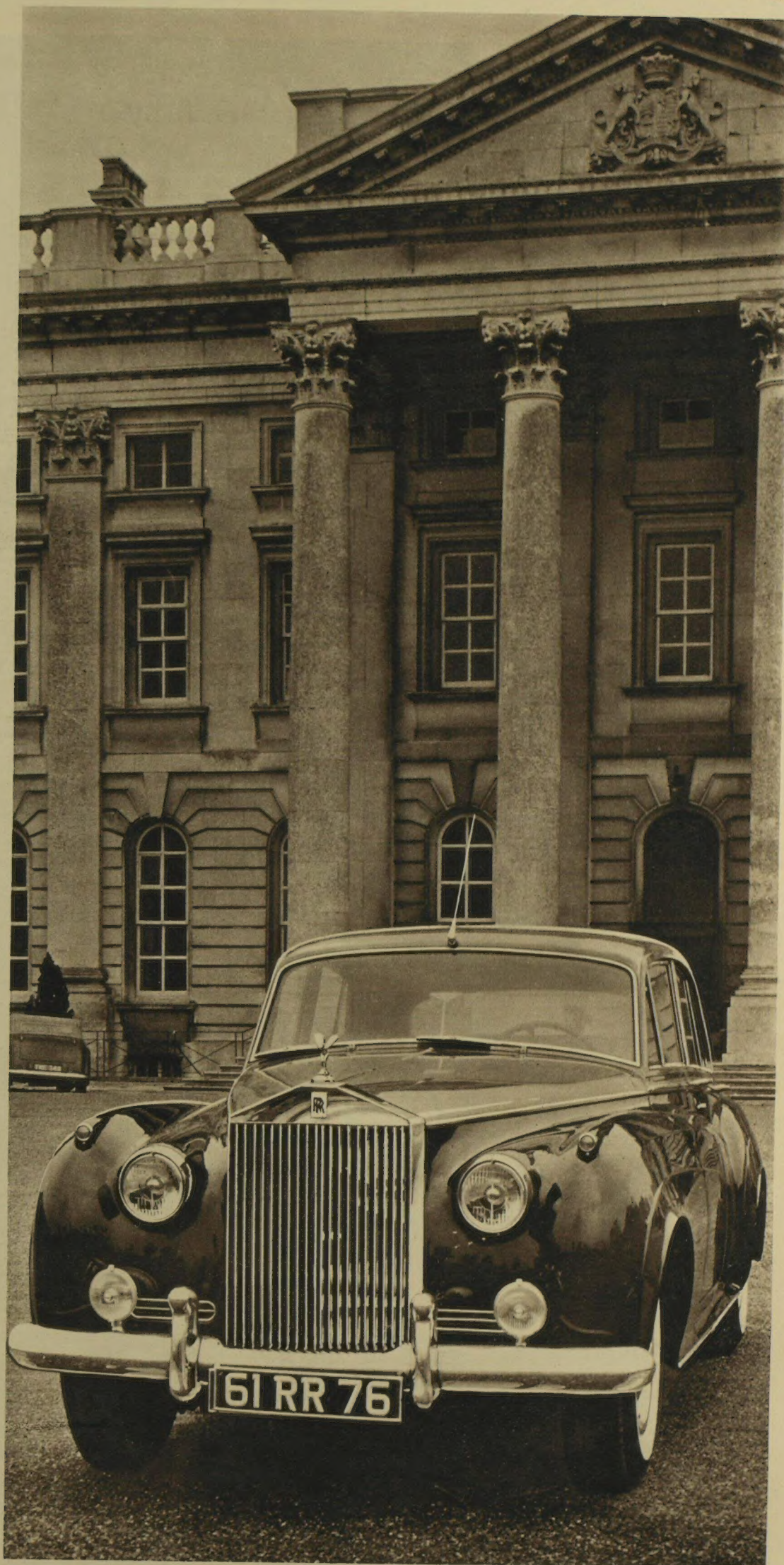
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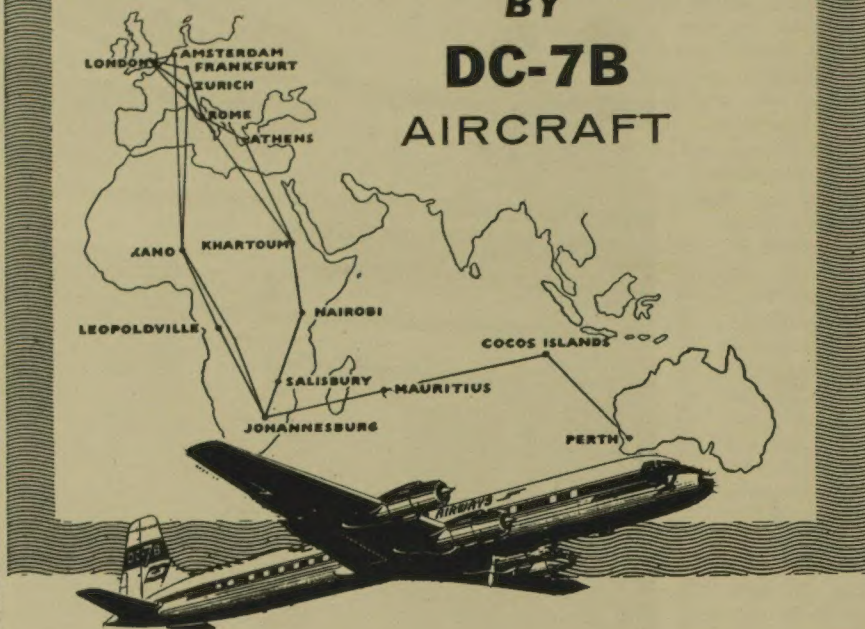
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